

# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 29, 1965 40 CENTS

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## Next week

THE ZANY PIRATES are sailing at the postmark. If they win it, reports Jack Mann, nobody will be sure if it was because of or in spite of their controversial manager, Harry Walker.

NO LONGER AS HAIRY as a grizzly bear, a new breed of Irish-cowd sportswear is on its way to this country. A preview of the old favorite in a lighter, more comfortable form.

BONANZA RUNNING is a New England specialty. Hal Higdon, once a marathoner, tells about jockeying for Top Prizes and all the family fun of a distance race's summer vacation.

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The way he strikes Edwin (Bud) Shrake, one of our associate editors, John Riley Brodie, the San Francisco 49er quarterback, has the assurance of a man who "not only has more money than you but is a better dancer." Well, maybe you've already won a coveted Gold Star award from Arthur Murray, but if you are one of America's 195,500,000 nonmillionaires Brodie has you beaten hands down in the money department. How Brodie combined his self-possession and his gambling instincts to come by his first fortune is the thread of Shrake's revelational account of the pro football merger (page 16). Amid the engrossing twists and turns, Shrake also discloses for the first time how the American Football League was poised not very many weeks ago to cripple the rival NFL by cornering the market of veteran quarterbacks.

Not everyone involved in such a dog-eat-dog situation is pleased to talk about it to the press, so to get the story Shrake might have borrowed John Brodie's football maxim: "You are better off relying on ability rather than on tricks." But, actually, Shrake wound up relying on both.

The ability, of course, was already there—something Shrake had first developed as a police reporter for *The Fort Worth Press*, then as a columnist for *The Dallas Times Herald* and the *Dallas Morning News* before joining the staff of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. It was while Bud was working in Dallas that Lamar Hunt backed the golden egg that became the AFL. In covering the continuing story of the new league,

Shrake got to know just about everybody in pro football. Then, as now, these contacts proved to be valuable news sources.

As for tricks, the one that seems to serve Shrake so usefully is his knack for being where the action is. It was at a late pub party in London at the time of the Clay-Cooper heavyweight fight, for example, that Shrake had the good fortune, as one might construe it, to be elected honorary captain of the Baywater soccer team that had just won an important contest. Discharging his duties, Captain Shrake led the celebrants on a midnight parade through the streets. It was at a party in Manhattan that Shrake commissioned Frank Sinatra to photograph for free an earlier heavyweight title fight in Europe. Sinatra got press credentials, but missed the fight, and the assignment has gone into boxing lore. And it was at a party somewhere else (security forbids our being more specific) that Shrake received a clandestine telephone call that was to lead to our full account of how the AFL conspired to demolish the NFL backfield forces and how John Brodie wheeled and dealed himself the richest athletic contract in history.

Not do parties, once Shrake has the facts of a story, impair his concentration. He can shut out the din and work away both at SI assignments and fiction writing (his third novel is in progress) even while friends flow through his Greenwich Village apartment in a steady stream. One such story now in Shrake's typewriter concerns northern Mexico's Tarahumara Indians, a tough-toed breed of men who race upward of 170 miles while kicking a croquet-sized wooden ball. Bud recently spent two weeks with the tribe (left), and before bidding goodbye to the 200 villagers, he threw a party in their honor. The refreshment featured was animal crackers.



*Gerry Valk*

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**LOOK FOR YOUR RALEIGH DEALER ON PAGE 76**





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# BOOKTALK

Keep your wrist firm, your eye on the ball—then take a deep breath and smile

If your entry has just been accepted for Forest Hills or if you're planning to play at Wimbledon in 1987, two recently published tennis instructional manuals are not for you. But for the rest of us, who are either just starting out or who aspire to nothing more violent than a win over the guy one notch up on the club challenge ladder, Sarah Palfrey's *Tennis for Amateurs* (Hawthorn Books, \$3.95) and Bob Harman's *Use Your Head in Tennis* (Keenik Press, \$2.50) are valuable additions to even the most comprehensive tennis library. The authors' credentials are impressive. Sarah Palfrey won 54 major championships, including the U.S. singles title twice; Bob Harman has given postgraduate instruction to a host of tennis greats, including Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs, Louise Brough and Margaret Osborne DuPont.

Miss Palfrey's book is intended as nothing more than an introductory primer to the game, and it succeeds admirably. It presumes no prior knowledge on the part of the reader and illustrates the fundamentals and basic strategies with ease and simplicity. Its secondary purpose is to show that tennis can indeed be fun, that it can be played with enjoyment and success well into middle age and even beyond and that its value to devotees far exceeds the immediate limits of the playing court.

Miss Palfrey's book can be used in advantage by those who may someday have championship aspirations. Harman's, on the other hand, is perhaps the most complete book ever written specifically for the club and public parks player who can make it to the court only twice a week. "All these people want is to have fun, and beat their own friends," he writes. "Why not a book for them?"

Why not, indeed? Harman's book was first published in 1950, but his simple rules have not needed a bit of revising. Tournament players follow them instinctively, but the average player tends to overlook them precisely because they are so obvious: Don't clobber the ball on every shot; don't worry about form (which, past the teen years, is so ingrained that it can't be changed anyhow); relax on the court; go all-out only on certain points; learn to anticipate, and so forth. In addition, his book includes meaty sections on court psychology, which every player from a Wimbledon champion to a neighborhood hacker knows is half the fun of the game. It doesn't have to be read all at once, either. Read a chapter, play a set, read another chapter—then stand back and watch your game, and court disposition, improve.

—KIM CHAPIN



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# SCORECARD

## HORSE SENSE

The Black Beauty types who envision every horse knee deep in green pastures never ask who is paying for the acreage, floating the horse's teeth and checking on the worming. In truth, most of them know nothing about horses at all and regard them as outside cats or dogs available for petting. Horses, like most people, have to work for a living, be it on the racetrack, in the show ring, at a riding academy or, horror of horrors, in a rodeo. Well, horrible, according to Miss Alice Herrington, president of the Friends of Animals, Inc. Miss Alice has never seen a rodeo, but that is inconsequential. Miss Alice is out to abolish rodeos, and, in the bargain, upstage rival humane organizations, for if there is one thing most humane groups enjoy better than fighting cruelty it is fighting each other.

Miss Alice has been notably successful. Almost unnoticed, Ohio has passed a bill outlawing bucking straps and electric prods—which, in effect, has outlawed rodeos—and New York may do the same.

Indeed, her literature is alarming. "Is Pain Your Pleasure?" inquires a draft for her latest brochure, rather like the Marquis de Sade. The bucking strap, it goes on to say, is "placed in the area of the large and small intestines and kidneys—and in the case of male horses, whether stallion or gelding, in the genital region—then tightened agonizingly by a man pulling on the strap with his full strength." Horsefeathers!

As Gerald Dalnadge, director of field services for the preeminently sane San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals says, "One wonders if some people should take a lesson in anatomy." Dalnadge says further that the poor, abused bucking horses are among the most spoiled animals in the country. "Those brones," he says, "work only 10 seconds a day and get the best of food and care." It's plain economics. Most rodeo entrepreneurs

keep their bucking horses fit because they represent an investment. Moreover, George Williams, editor of the *Rodeo Sports News*, points out that last year 40 animals required veterinary treatment (in the course of more than 500 professional rodeos) while 364 cowboys went to the hospital.

## KEN MILES

Race Driver Ken Miles, 47, died instantly last Wednesday when a J-type Ford prototype he was testing went off the track at Riverside, Calif. Miles was a marvelously narrow, bony man who loved music, talking, cats, theater, gardening and automobiles. It was a great pleasure to have been driving behind him to the Sebring track last March and to observe him pull off the road to examine a flowering tree before he went on to the business of winning the 12 hours of Sebring.

The death of a race driver is to be received with a certain formality. He is in a line of work which obliges one to be ready for it. However, Ken Miles died with a debt owed him. Before Sebring, Miles won the 24-hour Continental at Daytona. If he had won at Le Mans, too, he would have completed an amazing sweep of three consecutive major endurance races.

Miles went to Le Mans with the powerful Ford team that took the first three places there in an unprecedented American victory. He and his co-driver Denis Hulme led more of that race than any other Ford. Miles himself exceeded the 1965 lap record five times in his share of the race. He was leading at the end when the Ford management slowed him down for a side-by-side finish with their second-running car driven by Bruce McLaren and Chris Amon. But what had been intended as a dead heat was adjudged a McLaren-Amon victory because Ford overlooked a Le Mans rule.

Lloyd Ruby, Miles's co-driver at Daytona and Sebring, a man who rarely speaks at all and never with the slightest

emotion, said last Thursday in a raw and broken voice, "There'll never be anybody to win all three of them. There'll never be a chance again." In fact, it is proper to consider that Miles did win all three of them.

## GOLFNIK

Trick Gaffer Paul Hahn says he will drive 600 golf balls inscribed with the word "peace" into Viet Cong-infested jungles during a two-week visit to Vietnam next month. Hahn says he doesn't expect the strategy will change the course of the war.

## SWIMNIK

Mitch Miller and Santa Claus notwithstanding, the booboo now-days free-associates hears with beatniks, Vietniks and owlrightsniks. So when bearded Ted Enkison, 37, a Chicago research chemist whose intention it was to become the first to swim the 32 miles from the Farallon Islands to San Francisco, was pulled out of the water two miles short of his goal, reporters were puzzled to find he was—well, sort of square.

"About that beard," one said, "Do you have a cause?"

"Oh, that thing," said Enkison, stroking it. "That's to protect my shoulders. When you're in the water a long time



you grow a stubble, and when you swing your head from side to side you rub your shoulders raw."

## REMEDIAL SOCCER

According to the distinguished British publication *Nature*, the recently concluded World Cup soccer matches may have been fun to watch, but if their in-

continued



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### SCORECARD

tion was to determine the best team in the world, they didn't.

*Nature* reached this conclusion by means of a Poisson distribution, more frequently used in calculating interstellar relationships but also pertinent in determining, say, the number of color blind people in Newark or how many of the telephone calls the White House receives in a month will be wrong numbers.

*Nature* used a Poisson distribution of the form  $P(x) = e^{-q} q^x / x!$  with  $q = 1.234$ , to describe the distribution of scores by teams in the cup matches, and claimed that the very fact that it was applicable suggested that the teams were "much of a muchness in talent and their scores were independent of each other." Finding next that the chance of a draw on any one occasion was 27%, *Nature* said that if teams were equally matched "the chance that the result will be an active injustice to one of them will be 73%."

*Nature's* remedy: copy the World Series and let the winner be decided by a best-of-seven series. Or, should the present system endure, no team should be declared the winner until its score exceeds that of its opponent by three standard deviations of Poisson distribution. In this case, *Nature* says, "It might be necessary to design the game so that it would be practicable for one side to score 100 goals or so within the limits of endurance of the spectators. . . . Such a change could easily be brought about, perhaps by widening the goalposts or by abolishing goalkeepers."

Or by playing basketball

### BOWLER IN KENTUCKY

There is this campaign in Kentucky to dignify the crappie, a favorite panfish. Minor Clark, commissioner of the Fish and Wildlife Resources Department, is insisting that all employees identify the fish as the crappie, a spelling that conforms to the more popular pronunciation. This way, he says, no one will be embarrassed writing it or saying it. Oh, come on, Clark, don't be such an oss.

### UPWARD AND OUTWARD

It was Casey Stengel who observed some years ago that Japanese baseball players would never make it in the big leagues because their fingers were too short. The Stengelism no longer applies: Japanese fingers are growing longer, for the very simple reason that so is all the rest of them.

Pete Newell, athletic director of the University of California, just back from his fifth basketball clinic in Tokyo, reports that Japanese basketball players, who used to stand around 5 feet 10, are now going 6 feet 3 and 4.

On a national average, young Japanese adults are two inches taller and 15 pounds heavier than their prewar counterparts, and six-footers are no longer a rarity. The reason: better and more plentiful nourishing food; a widespread popularity of milk, butter, cheese and eggs, and more protein for growing children. Today the Japanese are consuming 20% less rice but three times as much bread, seven times as much milk, 2.5 times as much meat, 2.5 times as many eggs and twice the amount of fresh fruit and vegetables as before the war. Well, the Japanese may be growing taller and longer-fingered, but over the last few years Americans have indicated that they are not to be left behind. The American Seating Company announced this year that the standard seats in U.S. auditoriums and stadiums had to be increased from 16 to 22 inches.

### GOODNESS KNOWS

After a neighborhood baseball game, our Cincinnati correspondent intercepted one of the participants, his 8-year-old son, and this dialogue ensued:

*Father:* How did you do?

*Son:* Real good.

*Father:* Get some hits?

*Son:* No, I struck out.

*Father:* Oh, well, you must have done good in the field then.

*Son:* No, nobody hit one where I was.

*Father:* I thought you said you did good. How can you say that when you strike out and don't catch one ball?

*Son:* I was a good sport.

### PLUGGING THE MUSCLE GRAIN

Can a two-year-old university located in a suburb of Vancouver, B.C. ever play in the Rose Bowl? Unquestionably, says Gordon Shrum, 70, chancellor of Simon Fraser University (enrollment, 2,000), which is named after the man who explored the Fraser River to its mouth in 1808. Shrum, a Ph.D. in physics, hopes to have Simon Fraser in the AAUW by 1976. The catch: Simon Fraser is the only university in Canada awarding athletic scholarships.

There is little likelihood that other Canadian schools will follow Shrum's lead. The Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Union, of which Simon Fraser



is not a member, recently voted \$2-0 against athletic scholarships. Dr. G. Edward Hall, president of the University of Western Ontario, sums up its position: athletic scholarships, he says, are "as insidious as they are disruptive."

Shrum claims that Canada is losing athletes and coaches to the U.S., often for good, while his detractors argue that universities are for study and sports are for relaxation. Even student bodies are arrayed against Shrum. Thundered the University of Guelph's *Ontario Item*: "A university must be known by its education reputation alone, and athletics are not education."

There is, however, little doubt that Canada is suffering a muscle drain. At least 160 Canadians are now on football scholarships in the U.S., although most of them will return to play pro ball since they were steered south by the U.S. coaches of the Canadian Football League. For example, the Ottawa Roughriders have 30 prospects playing in the U.S., the British Columbia Lions 29. The reason: Canadian pro teams may carry only 14 American imports; the rest of the squad must be homebreds, and if they are going to be any good they've got to get U.S. coaching.

Football players are not the only ones lured south. Besides scores of hockey players, about 30 Ontarians alone are attending U.S. colleges on golf scholarships, and the number of Canadians in the U.S. on track scholarships is estimated to be as high as 400.

The antischolarship forces' solid front hardly ruffles Shrum, a crusty type who was retired against his will from the University of British Columbia. This fall Simon Fraser has scheduled games with some of the smaller U.S. junior colleges and within a few years it expects to be meeting Idaho and Montana.

But, says Shrum, "we have to maintain our education standards. We're not looking for athletic tramps. The U.S. can have them."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Bob Devaney, Nebraska football coach, objecting to the NCAA's 1.6 rule, which says, in effect, that a student must have a C- average to be eligible for an athletic scholarship: "It's not the American way. This is supposed to be a land of opportunity. Should a boy be kept out of school because his parents couldn't afford a TV set and because they didn't have a lot of political and educational discussions at home?" **END**

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**Sports Illustrated**

AUGUST 26, 1966

# THE FABULOUS BRODIE



# CAPER

An AFL plot to sign top NFL quarterbacks at any cost, secret until now, nearly wrecked the pro-football merger and made the nerdy 49er star a millionaire

by EDWIN SHRAKE

According to John Riley Brodie, the millionaire, a gambler is one who recognizes a situation that is loaded in his favor and takes advantage of it in a reasonably sporting manner. The Brodie definition further specifies that one is not known as a gambler unless one is good at it; the bad ones are geese. Brodie is himself a gambler, a good one, at cards, golf, ping-pong, most any game—though not, of course, professional football, except on the field in a tactical sense. By recognizing a situation that was not only loaded in his favor but cried to be exploited, John Brodie, 31, a handsome fellow with shy eyes in a heavy face, has in the past three weeks become the highest paid team sports athlete in the United States.

With Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Mickey Mantle and Willie Mays earn more per year at basketball and baseball than Brodie gets as quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers, but their contracts lack the tenure and overall richness of his. It was only a year and a half ago, when the talent war between the National and American Football Leagues was moving into its final agony, that Joe Namath became a celebrity by signing with the New York Jets for \$400,000 and football rather than baseball became unquestionably the bonus sport. After last season Tommy Nobis went to Atlanta for \$600,000, Donny Anderson accepted \$711,000 from Green Bay and owners in both leagues clapped their foreheads and asked where this would end. The owners hope, perhaps forlornly, that it has ended with John Riley Brodie, who has a new contract that makes Namath's sound like pocket money and even Anderson's seem oddly puny.

Brodie became wealthy by taking advantage of professional football where it was weakest. If the way he did it does not come off as exactly sporting, it was at least a fair game, and it required nerve. What he said, in effect, was pay

me or fight me. With that choice, pro football paid him.

Despite the still far from settled merger between the National and American Football Leagues, Brodie is not likely to be the last athlete to sign for a large salary. The Canadian League will remain in the bidding, for whatever that is worth, and maybe one of the minor leagues will emerge as a competitor. There is still the option clause that allows an athlete to play out his contract with one NFL-AFL club and jump to another, though the effectiveness of that clause is lessened by the rule against tampering. But when and if the merger is accomplished as fact, Brodie may well be the last to sign for such an enormous sum. How Brodie became a millionaire considering the totality of his contract—is a tale of intrigue that built logically toward the payoff, although it may have been difficult for casual observers to patch together the chronology of it in the confusion of daily reports.

At this time last year John Brodie was a good quarterback for the 49ers, a team that had never won a championship. He was the third quarterback San Francisco had employed for any length of service. Like his predecessors, Frankie Albert and Y. A. Tittle, Brodie had been vigorously booed by fans at Kezar Stadium and blamed for the team's failures. But he had also been a competent quarterback and a very good passer. Last year he was paid \$35,000, which is about the going rate for any NFL quarterback who does not participate in championship games and who entered the league before the AFL began. Brodie and many other veterans were caught in the odd situation: start cheap, stay cheap. Bags of money were being shoved into the faces of rookies who hardly knew the name of the coach, but the veterans were settling for small raises. The NFL was following its policy of ignoring the AFL in public and contesting it bitterly

*Continued*

*Cheering as the 49ers from the sidelines of an exhibition game, Brodie found that his job belonged—temporarily—to someone else, but his teammates were in sympathy with his cause.*



in private, a policy that contributed much to the trouble pro football got into. There had been some discussion about merging among the more alarmed owners in both leagues, but this was dismissed as dinner-table talk, and that was really all it amounted to.

The two leagues were carrying themselves toward an intolerable state of affairs. They knew it but could not seem to stop it. Anderson and Nobis got their bonuses and may prove worth the investment. Ordinary players, however, were asking for incredible contracts. Ralph Wilson, owner of the Buffalo Bills of the AFL, walked into a cocktail party last December shocked from a conversation he had just had with a rookie halfback. Wilson, a very wealthy man with a large number of corporations under his control, is not that easily shocked. "A couple of years ago this guy would have been lucky to sign for \$15,000," said Wilson. "He can't run 15 yards in a straight line without falling down, and everybody on our coaching staff is faster than he is. So he tells us he wants \$200,000. I have to believe that most of the owners are businessmen at heart, and when prices get that unreasonable the businessmen are going to have to act."

That feeling was spreading. So was a fear that it might be too late, that the quick money might have damaged the structure of the game more than the owners realized. At that winter's draft, one rookie running back's lawyer had chalked on a board: "The talking starts at \$300,000." The veterans felt betrayed. There were a number of cases like that of Sonny Gibbs, who got \$100,000 from the Dallas Cowboys in 1962 and for them threw one pass, which was dropped. Although television money was flowing in, it was also flowing out, and the veterans thought it was flowing in the wrong direction.

Four events finally broke open the problem. One was the signing of Nobis and Anderson. Another was the announcement by Ernie Ladd and Earl Faison, veteran defensive linemen at San Diego, that they wanted big raises—so large as to amount to bonuses—before they would renew their contracts. The third was the AFL's hiring of Al Davis as commissioner. And the fourth was the New York Giants of the NFL's signing of Buffalo's side-footed place-kicker, Pete Gogolak.

In the demands of Ladd and Faison the owners of both leagues saw a dangerous precedent. If veterans could insist upon and receive bonuses equal to those being given rookies, then every team would be full of veterans who were playing out their options and would have to be dealt with. After some wrangling, Ladd wound up in Houston, where he got a substantial raise that no one would call a bonus, and Faison wound up back at San Diego. They might have been forgotten by most veterans. But none could forget the case of Gogolak.

Gogolak played out his option with Buffalo, where he kicked for 315 points last year while the Bills were winning their second consecutive AFL championship. Ordinarily he would have hung around for extensive dickering and would have then signed a new contract with Buffalo or would have been traded. But the Giants, who suffered from poor kicking last season, wanted Gogolak and signed him.

Until then there had been a code, based on self-preservation, to guide the NFL and AFL in conducting themselves around each other's veterans. An end, Willard Dewveall of the Chicago Bears, played out his option in 1960 and jumped to the Houston Oilers of the AFL. But Dewveall, who had a business in Houston, was never that significant a player, and was going to leave the Bears regardless. Other players talked about playing out their options and changing leagues, but there was a sort of tacit agreement among the owners not to encourage such actions. lest dozens of players get the idea and begin leaping about in costly bounds from one team to another.

When the Giants signed Gogolak, with the approval of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle, the AFL owners were enraged and declared that all rules were off. Some NFL men—notably Vince Lombardi of Green Bay and George Halas of Chicago—also were stunned and angered, but their reactions were calm compared with Wilson's. Ralph Wilson is a gentleman and a sportsman, a man with a great amount of class. He had been one of the AFL owners most anxious to bring about a merger that would rescue pro football from its absurd predicament. However, the thought of losing Gogolak to the NFL—particularly to the New York Giants—put

Wilson in the mood for war. Wilson had been instrumental in persuading the league to hire Al Davis, who was then coach and general manager at Oakland, to replace Joe Foss, who yearned for peace, as commissioner.

Davis, 37, a clever man with an excellent record as talent scout, coach and general manager, became commissioner on April 7. "He is going to show the NFL that Pete Rozelle doesn't know anything about football," said one AFL owner. That, obviously, was an exaggeration. What Davis was going to show the NFL was that he knew how to plot, scheme and maneuver through the tricky thought channels of players and organizations. The NFL had fought at draft time with an extensive baby-sitting operation, hiding high draft choices from AFL scouts. Foss considered the tactic undignified, and it was, but it never bothered Rozelle and would not bother Davis. As a brilliant organizer himself, Davis knew how to set up baby-sitting operations and scouting systems, and he knew how to talk to players. He hired a larger staff and studied various means of hitting the NFL the hardest possible blow in the shortest time, and he decided upon his plan.

The plan was as effective as a left hook to the jaw. Davis reasoned like this: if we want to hurt them and at the same moment help ourselves, what do we do? Simple. We get all the NFL's quarterbacks.

By then the NFL owners had realized they were in for a fight that could shatter both leagues. Tex Schramm, president and general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, says he approached Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs and originator of the AFL, about a merger (SI, June 20) two days before Davis officially took office and launched his attack. It is a good thing the NFL moved when it did, if Schramm had waited another week, every team in both leagues might have found itself with radically different personnel by next season.

Davis opened his assault by using just two of his league's best men—Houston General Manager Don Klosterman and Oakland General Manager Scotty Stirling, who had been Oakland's publicity director under Davis. With money coming from an AFL war chest, Stirling quickly signed Los Angeles Quarterback Roman Gabriel to a contract beginning



AFL Hawk Al Davis, then commissioner, concerned during scheme to lard NFL quarterbacks.

in 1967, Gabriel was presented a check for \$100,000 as down payment. Davis figured that the AFL could pay NFL quarterbacks whatever it would cost to make them desert, that thrusting a lavish bonus at a proven quarterback made more sense than offering the same money to a rookie who might flop, and that the NFL's constant brag about the superiority of its quarterbacks could be turned into an AFL brag. It did not take long for that word to reach the ears of the NFL quarterbacks.

Not too surprisingly, there was an immediate side effect. Many NFL stars other than quarterbacks began telephoning Davis and AFL club owners about playing out their options and jumping, asking raises and bonuses that were not overly large but were more than they would get by staying with their present clubs. The vulnerability of the NFL was exposed. The rush toward a merger was on in earnest.

Sonny Werhlin, owner of the Jets, was

not one of Davis' inner circle of hawks dealing with quarterbacks, but he was asking to be freed to sign the NFL players who were contacting him.

Among those who reportedly were to go to the Jets were Paul Hornung, Willie Wood and Herb Adderley of Green Bay, a club that allegedly would also lose Henry Jordan and Jim Taylor. Tomlinson's anger and apprehension over the signing of Gogolak had been well-founded. Miami Coach George Wilson, acting on his own, talked contract with Detroit Tackle Alex Karras and others.

Klosterman, meanwhile, signed Tight End Mike Ditka of the Bears to a contract, giving him a \$50,000 bonus. But it was still quarterbacks that Klosterman and Stirling were after. The other players asking to be let in were frosting for the cake.

"If this merger had been put off two more days," said Stirling, "we would have had 10 NFL players under contract at Oakland, and four of them were quar-

terbacks. Roman Gabriel is still ours."

In all, there were seven NFL quarterbacks who were prepared to sign with the AFL. Reportedly, they were Rudy Bukach of Chicago, Jim Ninowski of Cleveland, Sonny Jurgensen of Washington, Milt Plum of Detroit, Fran Tarkenton of Minnesota, Gabriel, who *did* sign, and—John Riley Brodie, the millionaire-to-be.

Brodie entered the picture in late May—two weeks after the signing of Gogolak—when he flew to Houston with a friend, Sonny Marx, and checked into room 306 of the Warwick Hotel under the name John Marx. Brodie went to a baseball game at the Astrodome with Klosterman, motored around town and talked business. Brodie had asked the Oilers for a raise to \$65,000 based on his performance in 1965, when he led the NFL in completions, percentage, yardage and touchdown passes. They had done a lot of coughing but no agreeing.

Then Klosterman made Brodie an offer. Klosterman wrote down the figures on a memo pad—which was later to become most important in assuring Brodie his new wealth. Brodie picked up the piece of paper and read: \$750,000, spread over 10 years, to sign a five-year contract with the Houston Oilers.

There is a general misunderstanding about that offer. Klosterman made the offer to Brodie in the name of the AFL, not in the name of the Houston Oilers, which explains why the Oilers did not have to pay more in subsequent negotiations. Brodie, however, would most likely have been allocated to Houston from the AFL's proposed quarterback pool. Gabriel was to go either to Oakland or to a new franchise in Anaheim. Bukach was rumored to be heading toward a new franchise in Chicago. Ninowski was marked for Denver. The disposition of the others had not been decided and, in fact, none had yet signed, nor did they ever, because of the sudden approval of the merger. (It was so sudden that Bill MacPhail, vice-president in charge of sports for CBS television, which is paying the NFL \$22,000,000 a year under the current contract, found out about the merger at a press conference. He then refused to speak to Schramm and Rozelle, his two best friends, when they tried to apologize to him at P. J. Clarke's saloon in New York.)

Brodie concurred with Klosterman

*continues*

that \$750,000 was a nice sum. Before accepting it, though, he phoned 49er General Manager Lou Spadia to give San Francisco first chance to dissuade him. Spadia told Brodie he would call back at 2 p.m. on May 30. The merger talks were moving at a frantic pace. Dan Reeves, owner of the Los Angeles Rams, was so eager that he reportedly had offered to move his team to San Diego and allow the Chargers to move to New Orleans if that astonishing maneuver would speed up the merger (the basic idea being to abandon the Los Angeles Coliseum as unwieldy and poorly located and place an expansion team in Anaheim, Calif.) With the romance that hot, Lamar Hunt called Davis and Houston Owner Bud Adams to ask them to hold off signing Brodie until 6:30 that evening, since it could wreck the mood necessary for the agreement.

Klosterman called Al Davis and said, "This is one of those decisions, Al. Do we sign him?"

"I'd like to hear the NFL's proposal," said Davis. "But if it means going back on your word, sign him."

Several hours later Klosterman told Brodie, "You're the guinea pig. You're either going to be a rich man or bring about the biggest pro football story in six years."

The deadline passed and Brodie was unsigned. Brodie took the piece of paper from the memo pad and asked Klosterman to put his name on it, which Klosterman did not do. Brodie stuck the piece of paper into his pocket, went to Las Vegas and then home to Palo Alto. He was playing golf at Lake Tahoe with *San Francisco Chronicle* Sports Columnist Art Rosenbaum when Rosenbaum was called to the telephone.

"The leagues have merged," Rosenbaum told Brodie when he came back to the golf course.

"Somebody owes me \$750,000," said Brodie and went to the phone himself. He called his brother, Bill, an attorney and former left-handed quarterback at USC when Al Davis was an assistant coach there. He also called Sonny Marx, who in turn called an attorney named John Elliott Cook, a specialist in corporate and business law. On Cook's advice, Brodie went to Oahu, Hawaii and refused to answer questions. Cook informed the pro football establishment that his client would settle for \$1,000,000, plus \$100,000 in legal fees. If the

price was not met, Cook warned, Brodie would go to court against professional football and seek treble damages.

Again it was Klosterman who was sent to see Brodie. Klosterman flew to Honolulu with an offer from pro football. Brodie would be paid \$750,000 plus \$50,000 in legal fees, the sum to be paid over a period of 10 years. All Brodie had to do was come back and play football for San Francisco. Brodie told Klosterman no thanks and replied he would rather have the million. (Another possibility briefly considered was that Brodie might be waived out of the NFL—not too difficult to accomplish because of the size of his salary—and given to Houston, since the 49ers were unwilling to assume a large share of the payment.)

When Klosterman went to Honolulu, it was not as a representative of the AFL but as a representative of both leagues. Why did the two leagues, after warring with each other for six years, suddenly decide to cooperate in settling a problem that the AFL had intensified?

The answer was not only the desire of both leagues for peace (and the desire was so strong that the AFL even agreed to a proviso that does not allow any of its teams to draft a quarterback until the New York Giants have selected one) but to avoid the effect a Brodie lawsuit might have on the attitude of the antitrust division of the Justice Department toward the merger of the leagues and on the attempted passage of the Sports Bill.

For years professional football, basketball and ice hockey have been trying to get Congress to approve a Sports Bill that would exempt these sports from antitrust in certain areas. Baseball has such an exemption as the result of a judicial decision. The Sports Bill is very important to the merger because the key part of the merger is the common draft. A common draft would not wipe out rookie bonuses altogether but it would reduce them to a size the owners say they can afford. Those who oppose the common draft contend that pro football owners without the threat of antitrust action would be no more generous in dealings with employees than any other owners of corporations valued at \$10,000,000 or more. That may be true, but it is also true that professional football cannot survive without a common draft unless owners in both leagues

are suddenly blessed with more wisdom and temperance than they have shown so far. And the common draft is doomed without the Sports Bill. With no antitrust exemption, even an awkward half-back like the one Ralph Wilson spoke of will be able to file suit claiming he has been deprived of his bargaining rights, and his price could go back up to \$200,000 again, which hardly solves pro football's quandary.

The Sports Bill has passed the Senate. It is now tied up in the House Judiciary Committee, of which Representative Emanuel Celler of New York is chairman. Celler, who has never been happy about exempting sports from antitrust action since the Dodgers moved to Los Angeles, has proposed an alternate bill called Celler's Rule of Reason. The essence is that anything can be done unless it is proved illegal in court, which is about the way things are anyhow. If the Sports Bill does not pass the House this session, it will have to start all over again in the Senate next year—by which time the merger could have been voided. Roosevelt has asked Congress for a special bill that would allow the merger and the common draft to proceed as planned. As yet nobody knows what will happen. According to some informal legal opinion, Brodie had a very good case, especially with his memo pad as proof of the offer, and pro football did not want to fight him, particularly at this time. The *Ditka* and *Gabriel* cases will be settled later. The others presumably had not signed anything but were merely phoning and talking.

John Elliott Cook and Brodie's brother, Bill, had certainly advised him of his position. Brodie remained on Oahu with his wife, Sue, and his family. He played golf, played volleyball, ran in the sand and said, "No comment," several times a day to keep in practice. Lou Spadia was not talking. Nobody was talking. On Tuesday, Aug. 2, Spadia flew to Chicago for a meeting with Roosevelt.

And that afternoon Brodie returned to San Francisco. The next day he signed a contract that pleased him.

The contract guarantees Brodie a minimum of \$921,000 over the next 12 years and pays \$75,000 to his attorneys.

The heart of the contract is a series of ten \$75,000 payments. The first installment is Brodie's salary this season: the second for 1967 and the third for 1968,

The remaining seven installments will be paid to Brodie in the seven years after his retirement as a pro player. The 49ers get Brodie's services as a player for five years. If he stays with San Francisco exactly five more years, playing out his option in the last year, he will get a salary of \$90,000 in the fourth year (1969) and \$81,000 in 1970 (the latter figure being \$90,000 minus the standard 10% salary cut for men playing out options). The sums for 1969 and 1970 are over and above the series of \$75,000 payments. And if Brodie plays more than five more years he will receive additional salary for that. Actually, Brodie should be able to play more than five years, and thus his future income from professional football should be well beyond these minimums—something over \$1,000,000.

Of the basic \$996,000 (including legal fees) that Brodie will receive for playing the minimum five years, the 49ers will pay \$571,000 and the other 23 teams in professional football will pay \$425,000, a contribution of some \$18,000 per team.

Why did Brodie return from Oahu without the full million he probably

would have been offered if he had wanted? The suspicion is that he was sincerely anxious to come back and play.

When Brodie reported to camp at St. Mary's College in Moraga, a little town in the hills outside Oakland, he was greeted gleefully by the veterans. They did not resent his strike. Brodie had proved he deserved the money, and the 49er players knew they would not have a chance at the Western Division championship without him. Also, he is the sort of fellow who is supposed to be wealthy. His parents are well off, and he has that air about him, the assurance that he not only has more money than you do but is a better dancer. It is difficult to imagine Brodie broke or embarrassed. On his first day in camp he bent to take the snap from Center Bruce Bosley in a passing drill, took his precise steps into the pocket, looked at the ball and started laughing.

What Bosley had snagged him was not a ball but a pineapple with a sign on it that said "One million dollars, less \$3,000"—a reference to the amount he would owe the 49ers in fines for reporting

late. "We're not mad at you, J.B.," some of the players yelled. "We may have a few parties at my expense," Brodie said grinning. Fine money is used for team parties, and Brodie seemed delighted to contribute. "I really missed the camaraderie around here," he said later in the dormitory room he shares at training camp with John David Crow. "I was getting antsy to start performing. Every day I wanted to read reports on how the 49ers were doing. Any athlete loves this part of it."

Although he is a good enough golfer to have played two winters and springs on the pro tour, runs his own insurance business in Palo Alto and has a daily radio show, Brodie considers professional football players his favorite people. "I prefer them to insurance salesmen, golfers, entertainers, journalists, anybody," he said in a San Francisco bar called the Shadow Box, where the 49ers gather after home games. That afternoon, in the first preseason game, Brodie had stood—never sitting—on the sidelines and had watched George Mira operate the team in a 24-13 loss to Dallas. Now Brodie

*continued on page 65*

*At the most critical phase of his holiday Brodie relaxes in Hawaii with his family. A cool gambler, he referred all questions to his lawyers*





## BUZZIE AND BIG D GO AT IT IN L.A.

*Don Drysdale was having a bad year and Dodger brass was critical. Result: a quick summer squabble and a revived Drysdale* **by JACK OLSEN**

**W**hen Donald Scott Drysdale walked from the mound after reducing the St. Louis Cardinals to a blob of whipped cream one night last week, he muttered under his breath: "Take that." One has to go back in history almost to Hairbreadth Harry, that comic-strip hero of decades gone by, to find red-blooded Americans who use expressions like "Take that." But Don Drysdale, the No. 2 man in baseball's highest-paid pitching act, is one of them.

This is not to say that Don Drysdale, 78 inches and 216 pounds of carefully regulated malevolence, does not get mad. He gets *plows* mad, and not always at the opposition. The subject of his wrath last week was Emil Joseph (Buzzie) Bavast, general manager of the Dodgers, a highly talented front-office career man who owns several honorary degrees in holding payrolls down, an M.A. in trading nothing for something and a Ph.D. in giving people what is euphemistically known as "the needle."

To comprehend the degree of Drysdale's vituperation, one must know that 1966 has been the most frustrating year of his career. This man who has pitched 173 victories, won the Cy Young Award, worked harder and oftener and more conscientiously than any other pitcher in baseball for the last 10 years, this man who should be accepting plaques in Pasadena and attending dinners in his honor in Cucamonga suddenly hears boos from the fans and reads insulting remarks in the public prints. "Why should he be subjected to that kind of treatment?" a typical Dodger student says with studied sarcasm. "Just because he's having a rotten, lousy, miserable year? Is it fair to

boo a man who's rotten, lousy and miserable? Is this the American way?" It certainly is.

Drysdale's public-relations problem is compounded by the fact that this year he and Sandy Koufax nailed the Dodgers for the biggest salaries ever paid a brace of hallplayers. At first the K-D entity demanded three-year contracts, full ownership of California and Nevada and the Strategic Air Command, plus options on the Mississippi River and Philadelphia, all of which was well above the presidential guidelines. When the smoke cleared and the long holdout ended, the pair signed for simple one-year contracts calling for a simple \$120,000 to Koufax and a simple \$110,000 to Drysdale. Anyone who thinks that the two pitchers were deflated at the bargaining table is simple.

Koufax, the superstar who cannot be compared to anybody but himself, breezed right into the season with one week of spring training, and except for a short period of adjustment moved back into his old overpowering arthritic stride. Drysdale could not make the quick adjustment. "I didn't feel strong," he said. "I didn't have anything. I didn't have a good fast ball. I didn't have a good curve ball. You name it, I didn't have it." A New York columnist suggested that next year the Big D would have to hold out with Nate Oliver, the perennial scrub. A San Francisco newspaperman suggested that Bavast put Drysdale to work around the ball park to help salvage some of his salary. "His imposing height suggests he could command respect as a gateman or a guard," wrote Prescott Sullivan.

Last week Drysdale assessed the long season. "I'm not giving any excuses," he said at his pocket-sized ranch in Hidden Hills near Los Angeles, while his nine horses cavorted outside and the water

*Characteristic grimace betrays Drysdale's ire as he looks in to the plate at a tense moment*



splashed down the red-blue-and-yellow-lighted artificial waterfall above his swimming pool. "I've pitched lousy and nobody knows it better than I do. What it gets down to is some pitchers can miss spring training and some can't. I learned that this year. I need the whole six weeks, throwing almost every day. Sandy is different. There's such a contrast between his fast ball and his curve ball that all he has to do is work the ball up and down on each batter. But I don't have Sandy's stuff, and I have to work around two inches on each corner. If I can hit those spots, I've got command."

"Early in the season I pitched three pretty good games in a row and I had good command—I knew where the ball was going. Then I pitched and won a game in Atlanta, but my command was just terrible. It all had something to do with this long muscle that runs down from the shoulder along the outside of the arm. That's always the last arm muscle to tone in, and while it was toning in I was trying to find a groove. I'd find a groove and the muscle would tone in a little better and I'd have to find another groove. Normally, all this would've been worked out in spring training."

One morning the struggling Drysdale awoke to find himself the holder of a magnificent 8-13 record and an earned run average approaching the range of his salary. Enter the villainous Bavasi, stroking his imaginary mustache like Relentless Rudolph and hurling challenges all about him. "Drysdale doesn't look in shape to me," Buzzie intoned, with a straight face. "He insists that he's in shape, but he doesn't look it. And he's making too many mistakes. He lost one ball game because he didn't cover first base, another because he dropped a ball, another because he hit somebody with two outs, another because he pitched carelessly on an 0-and-2 pitch. Nobody should lose a game on an 0-and-2 pitch. I don't know what it is. Donald seems to have too much on his mind. He's not concentrating. I don't know what he can be thinking about."

Some of the Bavasi quotes reached Drysdale via the newspapers. Others got to the big pitcher through his own private fountains of information. "A lot of things he says get back to me," Drysdale explained, and added, "I've always

been a person that if you've got something to say, it's all right to say it, but say it to the person you're talking about, person to person."

Drysdale brooded about Bavasi's canonade, and then one day blew his top. "Anyone in the front office can put a padlock on my locker anytime they think I'm not giving 100%, or that I'm not in shape," Drysdale said for publication. "It looks like he's worried more about cutting me 25% than winning the pennant. That's his prerogative. However, it's also my prerogative to refuse it. When they get into my private life and say I haven't been giving 100%, I don't like it. Anytime I don't go all out I'll take off my uniform and quit." Then he stomped off to face the Chicago Cubs in an afternoon game.

"I was thinking about what Bavasi said the whole time I was pitching that day," Drysdale said later, "and you can imagine how it hit me when the Cubs got two runs off me in the second inning." Drysdale, concentrating furiously, his face contorted and upper lip contracted into a Bucky Beaver grimace, shut out the Cubs through the rest of his nine innings of service and the Dodgers won in the 14th, after Drysdale had departed. Despite this excellent performance, he was still 8 and 13, and an atmosphere of tension hung over the ball club. A day or so later Bavasi sent a short note from the executive suite down to Drysdale in the clubhouse, but Buzzie is no Chamberlain at Munich and all the note said was that he had been slightly misquoted. Not completely, just slightly. Drysdale did not reply. Instead, he took the mound against the Cardinals, his stomach still churning about the boss, and pitched his best game of the year. He did allow one run, knocked in by hang-on-hitting Julian Javier, who was completely fooled by a slider, flung his bat at it and squeezed a quail between two fielders. ("That's a whole season's production for Javier against Drysdale," said a press-box habitué. "A squib single and two foul tips.") For the rest, the game was a case of *nolo contendere*, one of those affairs that are short on dramatic interest for the simple reason that one team's pitcher is so totally dominating that the most unknowing fan can foresee the outcome.

Seated in his plush office the next day, tilting back in his chair, touching the fingertips of his right hand to the fingertips of his left, Emil Joseph Bavasi bore the look of a balding Mona Lisa. He was asked bluntly if he sometimes manufactured such tempests in an inkwell as the one with Drysdale. "You might say that," Buzzie said in the sly manner of W.C. Fields. "Yes, I have been known to do something like that once or twice in my life."

Pressed for a full statement of his guilt, Buzzie broke and told all. "I did it," he said. "I admit it. I had to do something. Donald is not an 8-and-13 pitcher. So I thought, 'Well, needle him a little bit.' So I'm a heel. Who'll remember I'm a heel if we win the pennant? I was just giving him the needle. Donald doesn't need the needle to be competitive—he's always competitive—but he needs it to make him concentrate on what he's doing. And it worked. It worked."

Is there a danger that such stratagems might backfire and cause lasting enmities? "Hell, no," said Buzzie. "I know Donald like a book. He knows I wasn't really mad at him. Where do you think he'd go if he wanted \$10,000 tomorrow? And he'd get it, too. He needed a little needle and I gave it to him, that's all. Now he'll go out and help us win the pennant. You watch. And he has plenty of good years left, too."

Donald Scott Drysdale considered the matter with grave dignity in the privacy of his trophy-littered den in Hidden Hills. In his soft California-accented voice he said, "I'd be the first one to admit it, and I'd be a fool not to admit it, that this ball club's been real good to me and my family both, and I'd like to play for 'em as long as I can. They say when you can't do the job anymore, you can see it like a hand in front of your face. Well, I look back over this season, bad as it's been, and I can't see any hand in front of my face."

Was he still sore at Buzzie? Drysdale hesitated. He cracked his knuckles. He looked at the ceiling. He gave the impression that he was trying to be mad. "No," he finally confessed. "I just can't stay mad. It's not in my makeup. I don't carry grudges." The phony war was over. END



## ***Postures of a Peewee Prodigy***



*Mother is not amused by Beth's midcompetition giggles.*

Fifty-eight-pound Beth Ralston of Bay Village, Ohio steamed around 36 holes of the Rio Pinar Country Club last week in 219 strokes to take second place in the 20th Annual Pee Wee Golf Tournament in Orlando, Fla. Second is not first—first went to 11-year-old Laura Baugh of Cocoa Beach, Fla.—but it is pretty sound work for the first competition of an entrant who is two weeks past the minimum age of 10 and has played the game for a grand total of eight months. “I’ve seen prodigies before,” says Duke Snyder, assistant pro at Beth’s home club, Forest Lakes, “but I’ve never seen anything like Beth. She’s a natural athlete—she excels at everything.” This includes school, where she makes straight A’s. The natural athlete has a natural tendency to tire toward the end of the back nine and to give way to un-Mickey-Wright-like giggles, but with her perfect coordination and her Palmer-method body English, Beth will be a killer when she’s a seasoned 11.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LYNN TELFORD

Good advice of Assistant Pro Snyder (below) does not seem to be enough, so Beth tries a little professional agonizing (right)



The second-place trophy for her first competition almost brings back the giggles Beth had suppressed in scoring four, five and six on the last three holes



Perfect postgolf form displayed by young Beth (above) shows a histrionic talent worthy of the best of the pros.



**PART 3**

**I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT FOOTBALL**

Back at Alabama, Bryant's brand of helmet-busting, gang-tackling football brought the Crimson Tide to instant success—and instant waves of controversy

by **PAUL BRYANT** with **JOHN UNDERWOOD**

**HIT 'EM HARDER:  
THE ONLY GAME  
THAT CAN WIN**





The team I inherited when I went to Alabama in 1958 was a fat, raggedy bunch. The best players, the ones with the most ability, quit on, and recruiting was actually over, so we weren't going to get much for the following year except the boys' coach Hank Crisp and Jerry Claiborne got busy and signed up earlier. But from that first day on, from the very beginning, you could tell this was a bunch of kids who were there with a purpose. I never had a group like that in my life.

I talked to each one of them individually, sat down and asked how they were doing and talked about their brothers and sisters, and visited. Other places, Kentucky and Texas A&M, I just went in there and laid it on the line—we're going to do this and this, and either you're with me or you're gone. I had that sign at Kentucky: at 4,000 on the clock, I remember I told the alumni at A&M there was only one chief and the rest were Indians, that they might think they knew how to coach football, but I knew I did and I wouldn't be needing their advice. Well, I never had to do that at Alabama, and I don't know which is the best way, because we've won both ways. But I'll never forget that first meeting at Alabama.

I could just sense they were something special. I told them what I thought football should mean to them. I told them how I wanted them to conduct themselves, how to look, how I wanted them to act. Little things, like writing home to their mothers and papas, and smiling, and recognizing the contributions of others on the campus. One daddy came to me afterward and said how much his son had been impressed by our meeting that first day.

Well, I'm not going to sell you word for word what all I said because that's my blood, that's what I live on, and I might have to think of something to say next year. But I told them that very first

day about winning the national championship. Alabama had won four games in the last 36, and most of these kids were only 12 or 14 years old when Alabama was anything in football. But it was a school with a great tradition, and they were proud of it, which made winning a whole lot easier than it had been for me before.

You would naturally think the happiest years of my life were those that followed. Our boys won three national championships, and three SEC championships, went undefeated twice and played in seven bowl games. Because of them our income is about quadruple what it used to be. We enlarged the stadium 100%, and we're building a new field house. We built the new athletes' dormitory, and I'm ham enough to be especially proud of that because they named it after me—Paul W. Bryant Hall. But those years weren't the happiest of my life.

I suppose the trouble started a long time ago, and I'm just deluding myself as I get older if I expect people to look at the record and just listen to those who made it, the players themselves. I feel certain if I told Pat Trammell or Steve McElfinger or John David Crow I needed them they'd start walking to Alabama. But I suppose the logic of it escapes most people. The truth is that if you really taught brutality and treated people as badly as people say I did you'd never be able to get a good football player on your team. If you did you wouldn't get anything out of him, and you sure wouldn't win. When we went on probation at Texas A&M that time and all those scholarships were voided, those boys could have gone wherever they pleased. We were stripped naked. But we immediately got letters from almost every one of them saying they were with us and they weren't going to leave. Some silly people still believe we really had a big pit down at A&M and used to put

continued

two boys in at a time, and the one who crawled out was a starter.

There was a very popular quote attributed to Shug Jordan, the Auburn coach, a few years back. He said it was a helmet-busting, hell-for-leather, gang-tackling game we play in the Southeastern Conference, that since Bear Bryant came to Alabama it's the only game that can win. Well, I'm not going to challenge Shug on that. What else could he say? All of a sudden those lean little boys at Alabama were beating those big, fine-looking boys at Auburn, and somebody had to say something.

It's true I've sometimes worked teams too hard. I'll never deny that. I overworked that team at Kentucky when we went down to play Santa Clara in the 1950 Orange Bowl game. I lost that game three times. I worked them too hard at Cocoa, in all that heat and with all those sandpiper. Then we brought them to Miami and worked them too hard there, and I was too pigheaded to listen to my trainer, who told me they were exhausted. Finally, when we were leading and had the ball on the two-yard line just before the half, I let Babe Parilli, just a sophomore then, call the play when I should have had sense enough to call one for him. We didn't score and, at the half, when I should have been telling them something constructive, I just fussed and fumed around and really killed our chances. We lost 21-13.

So I've overworked teams, and that's bad, but there's a thin line. I know we put a lot of gravel in the craw of a lot of people because we were able to beat them physically, and if helmet-cracking football is the kind of football we were playing there for a long while, then I'm for it, and I hope we'll do it again. I ask my boys to hit them as long as they can see them, to gang-tackle, to get up and hit them again, but it had better be legal. Any player who ever played for us will tell you the first rule in the book is I will not tolerate a guy who draws penalties, because he can't win. Three 15-yard penalties in a game will beat you. Two will beat you if it's a close game and, if it's a real close one, one will beat you. Last year we won 10 games without a holding penalty.

If hard-nosed football, "brutal" football, is getting a boy to discipline himself, to get him in such keen physical condition that he will make fewer mistakes than the guy who isn't, that's what

I'm for. If it took a pit to do that, I'd have a pit. Common sense tells you the other guy will get careless, get sluggish mentally, and you'll beat him in the fourth quarter because you'll be alert for sudden changes, for blocked kicks and fumbles. You go back and check General Neyland's teams and Wallace Wade's and Frank Thomas', and I think you'll find they were sounder because they were in better condition.

If my 75% boy plays 15% over his ability and your 100% boy slogs around and plays 15% under his, then we'll beat you every time. I've always taken pride when people said how tough mentally and physically our teams were, how many teams didn't win the next Saturday after playing us. I took pride in that. But you don't win getting penalties, and you only get penalties when you break the rules.

We recruited Darwin Holt when I was still at A&M. He was just a skinny little old linebacker then. When he dropped out of A&M after we'd gone to Alabama he wrote and asked if he could come, too. He had to make up some grades at a junior college and he got sick, and when he came in he was down to about 145 pounds and looked like a hant. We took him anyway, and his first year he played very little, but in his senior year, when we won the national championship, he was terrific and helped win a lot of ball games.

Well, I know I've said it a jillion times, that you have to outmean people, and Darwin was certainly aggressive, but he knew what I thought about penalties. There's no doubt he fouled Chick Graning and the officials should have penalized us, which they didn't, and I probably would have disciplined him my own way if those Atlanta sportswriters hadn't set out to crucify him. After that I wouldn't have done anything if they had burned the university down.

Bobby Dodd might have made an effort to stop it if he had known how it was going to be blown out of proportion. He told me two or three times before that if we didn't stop beating him he was going to quit playing us, and I can understand that. The Holt-Graning incident gave him the out, and I think he would tell you so. Maybe he would have had a problem dropping us from the schedule if this had not happened, because Georgia Tech-Alabama was a big game.

Let me set it up a little better. Bobby Dodd and I were very close for years, one of the few men in the business I've felt close to, and I'll always be grateful for the way he helped me. I know when I was at Kentucky Bobby and his wife Alice came up to visit us, and he helped me put in the T formation, gave me his playbook. And one year there, when we beat him pretty bad, he thanked me for taking my first team out in the fourth quarter. When I was at A&M I'd go over there for his spring training. Why, he sent a couple of his assistants over to our place last year.

But over the years we always felt we could beat Georgia Tech by just going out and putting that shoulder pad and the bonnet on 'em, because they weren't going to do it for 60 minutes like we were. Regardless of their ability, if a team wallows around all week playing drop the handkerchief and the boys don't think tough or live tough, how can they be tough on Saturday? You can get away with it a few times, but you sure can't get away with it every Saturday. Over the long haul we'll beat you. We like to work during the week and have our fun on Saturday.

I'm not saying which way is the best, but I'd welcome any daddy to spend several days at any school where they loy-gag around, and then have him stick with our squad for seven days and see which one he'd like his son to play for. See the way they act and talk and dress. What would you see at our place? I think you'd see a lot more supervision, more direction and probably more work, football or academics or whatever, and you wouldn't see them running off in all directions all the time.

The thing about the Holt-Graning incident that really disappointed me, though, was that some sportswriters would take out after a young boy and try to crucify him.

We were playing Tech in Birmingham. There were no hard feelings beforehand. I remember Alice Dodd came up to me before the game, and we visited. Anyway, in the fourth quarter Holt was dropping back on a punt. His assignment was to take the end out. Graning was the end, and when they came together Holt reared up and hit Graning with his elbow. The official had his back on the play and didn't see it. I didn't see it until I looked at the film. Actually we complained on the play, because Billy

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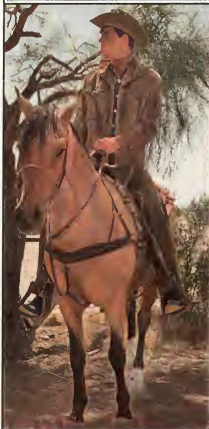
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**FROM FIRESTONE**

Richardson was interfered with catching the punt.

Well, it wouldn't happen once in 15,000 times, because he didn't hit him hard enough, but the elbow got through Graming's face guard and fractured his jaw. After the game Tonto Coleman of Tech, Dodd's assistant, came over to our dressing room to congratulate our boys, and he said something about Graming being hurt, and I called Holt over, and he said, "Yessir, coach, I'm sorry I made a mistake," or something. Well, the next night, after our TV program, I went to New Orleans on Sugar Bowl business, and I still didn't know Graming was hurt seriously.

We got back on Tuesday and it was in all the papers, and everybody was yelling for Holt's scalp, so I called Dodd, and he was saying buddy this and buddy that and, son of a gun, I hung up and the next paper that came out was worse than the first one had been.

Then I did a small thing I wish I hadn't done. I had one of my assistants go down with the game film and show it to the Alabama writers, had him point out all the violations Tech had committed. They made more than we did by a bushel. Dodd resented this, and I don't blame him. It was a small thing, and if I had it to do over I wouldn't, but our people thought Furman Bisher and those other writers were trying to destroy Holt.

Well, you talk about irony. What Holt did to Graming was child's play next to what that big No. 88 did to our All-America guard, Wayne Freeman, in our game with Tech two years later. You want to see something vicious, you look at the films of that game. It was the same year Tech's other end resigned from the team after kicking that Auburn boy in the head. The game is over, we've got it won 27-11 and on the last play we have the ball and this guy comes running several yards and hits Freeman with an elbow. Freeman is just standing there relaxed, and I guarantee you I was afraid he had killed him. My coaches wanted to blast them on it, but I said no.

I wrote Dodd a letter and called his attention to it. I told him, Bobby, the only reason I mention it is because you might have missed it in the film and I knew you would want to know it. I think our boy's going to recover. Whether it'll be in time for him to play anymore, I don't know, but I know you wouldn't want it to happen again.

A week or so later I got a letter thanking me and saying it really was a flagrant violation, and it wouldn't happen again. And, as you know, they ended the series after the 1964 game, which our boys won 24-7, and I was sorry. But with two-platoon football coming back I thought it was just as well we weren't playing anymore. If you've got a lot of ability—which Tech usually has—you don't have to get in real good shape to win with the two-platoon.

It's just as well, too, because sooner or later I was going to get killed by a flying whiskey bottle in Grant Field. The visiting team sits right in front of the students, and on four or five occasions whiskey bottles were thrown at me. I was hit twice, and one bottle went right by my ear, right out on the field, and nobody did a thing about it. In 1964, when we went down there for the last time, just for the psychology of it I wore a helmet onto the field before the game. Tonto Coleman asked me what the helmet was for, and I told him about those whiskey bottles. And he was very upset about it.

One thing more about that period in there. After the 1962 game, the one they beat us 7-6, I did something that was very difficult for me, under the circumstances. There must have been 3,000 people around their dressing room. I walked through that crowd thinking I'd probably get my throat cut, and went in there and called their captains out of the showers and shook hands with them. I congratulated Dodd again, and when I was going back through the crowd a woman who had a boy on Tech's team told me how proud she was. I said she had reason to be. I did all that, and I didn't mean a darn thing I said, either, but mama and papa would have been proud of me.

I believe this, that the reputation I had as a driver preceded me to Alabama. I doubt that the Holt-Graming incident would ever have reached the proportions it did if I had not had that reputation. Then there probably would never have been that first story in *The Saturday Evening Post* claiming I was an advocate of brutal football. I wouldn't have sued the *Post* over that, and if I hadn't sued the *Post* I doubt that there ever would have been the second story, the real filthy, malicious one that said Wally Butts and I fixed a football game. The whole thing just snowballed but, looking back on it all, if it meant changing my methods, my program, to avoid the heartaches

that followed, then I'd just as soon have the heartaches.

Listen, don't you know if I didn't believe way down inside what I was talking about we never could have gone ahead and won and gone to a bowl with all this stuff going on? As long as you know within yourself and the guys with you know it, that you have confidence in the plan, you just know you are not going to fail. I never had a doubt about that. The idea of molding men means a lot to me. I don't know if I've molded any but, I'll tell you, it makes you feel like you've done right when a guy like Pat Trammell, who's a doctor now, stands up and says how much of an effect you had on his life, that you had more to do with influencing his life than anybody except his father.

I'm afraid I've hurt some of the others, but I've never asked anything of my players I wouldn't do myself or had not done at one time or another. I always go back to Hank Crisp, flailing away at us with that leather nub on the end of his arm when he was an assistant coach at Alabama. People ask me if I ever kicked a guy, and I say, yes, I have. And if a boy lets me kick him and slam him around and he doesn't kick back I've said I didn't want him. I'd demonstrate on a boy, show him how to block or do this or that and really let him have it, and then say, "Now you show me," and lots of times they'd belly up and really dishorn me. One boy did it and realized what he'd done and started running off, and I had to call him, "Hey, come back. You're my kind of player." I wish I could demonstrate now like I used to. I can show them how *not* to do it, but I can't get down with them like I used to, and I miss that.

I think the boys respect you more when you show them you're willing to sacrifice as much as you want them to. I remember back when Pat James was playing for us at Kentucky and we were practicing down there at the Millersburg Military Academy. That was the first of our boot camps. The boys called it Hell Hollow. Anyway, I had a rule about being late for practice. You can't bend the rules for anybody, and one day Pat showed up late. When practice was over, I said, "Wait a minute, Pat. While you were dillydallying getting to work today we had a kangaroo court and decided your punishment would be to go around and cover up all that mess out there."

*continued*

We were in a cow pasture, and it was a formidable mess, too. He did. Well, the next day the trainer forgot to wake me or something, because I got there 20 minutes late, and when we headed in after practice Pat says, "Uh, just a minute please, Coach Bryant. We had another kangaroo court while you were sleeping this morning. We decided your punishment would be to dig up all that mess, load it up and cart it off." I was out there two hours getting it done.

Well, you get older, and you're bound to do some things differently. Back then I probably beat our teams more than the opposition did. I remember how impetuous I was in 1950, how I was still seething after that Santa Clara loss, and we got up to that Orange Bowl banquet and Len Cavanaugh got up and made a nice generous speech he'd won, of course—and then I got up and said, "I'm a win man myself. I don't go for place or show," and sat down. That was a stupid thing.

The thing is, if I had some of those teams I overworked now I might be able to get more out of them, or do it with a lot less punishment. I know one thing we've changed almost completely. It

used to be I'd give that third- or fourth-team boy a whole lot of work, yell at him and tell him he'd been on the gravy train three years and it was time he gave the university a return on its investment, you know, make him suck up his guts and do something or pack up. My idea last spring was to encourage that kid to stay around, not work him as much, because he's not going to play this year anyway, and if he doesn't get discouraged he might mature and wind up being a good player in a couple of years.

Certainly after 21 years of coaching you should know a little more about pace. But you're never sure. Some of those boys we've got now don't know what it's like to be behind, to have to win in the fourth quarter when it's tough. And if you let them graduate without learning that you've done them an injustice, because they're sure going to run into it in life. Coming from behind is a great lesson. I remember we were behind Georgia Tech 15-0 at the half in 1960, and our team came back and beat them 16-15. At Texas A&M in 1955 Rice had us 12-0 with three minutes and 27 seconds to play. And *they* had the ball. With a minute and seven seconds to play, we

had them 20-12, and *we* had the ball on their four-yard line. That's what I call sucking up your guts.

It's been a long time since I called a team out of the showers and back onto the field, like I did that time with John Crow when I said, "O.K., let's do it right." We've been passing a lot, too, with quarterbacks like Namath and Sloan, and that means a lot of backing off and rubbing bellies, trying to pavy-protect, which isn't the same as really knocking them out of there like you do with a ball-control team.

I take that back. We did have a little of the old style last year after we lost to Georgia in the first game. In the following week we weren't getting anything done, so I called a scrimmage. It was still no good, so I said, "That's all, gentlemen," and when they started to leave added, "but be on the field at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning, because we're going to get this thing done." I said, "You're here to go to school, to get an education, but you're also here to play football. It works both ways. You promised to give your best. Now, if you don't like this, go on home. Tomorrow morning you're going to give your best or you're going to quit."

Well, I didn't even tell the coaches whether there would be a meeting or not, but I knew I must have shook them up, too, because Duke Hennevey slept the whole night in the coaches' office. We came out there in the morning at 6 o'clock and, boy, I was praying we'd do well and nobody would get hurt. I flipped that ball out there, and they liked to knock the ends out of the stadium. Weren't out there more than 15 minutes. And I said, "Well, wasn't that fun?" and they all said yes. "Wasn't it ridiculous yesterday? You got to know how stupid it was to come out here and wallow around when you can do it like this and have people compliment you. You can have some fun, and then we can win." If we'd gotten somebody hurt I'd have died, but we didn't. And of course we didn't lose another game all year and beat Nebraska in the Orange Bowl 39-28 for the national championship.

Well, that's the situation with a team. Individually it's a whole lot different, and you have to learn what makes this or that Sammy run. For one it's a pat on the back, for another it's eating him out, for still another it's a fatherly talk, or something else. I know I've sure missed



AFTER LAST GAME OF A STORMY SERIES BRYANT AND TECH'S DODD ARE BOSOM PALS

on a lot of them. Ken Hall down at Texas A&M, a 200-pound halfback, ran the 100 in 9.7, probably the most sought-after player in the history of football, a hundred schools after him. He never did start a game for us, and he finally wound up leaving. Well, it's easy to say he did this or that, but what about me? My job was to get him to play, and he didn't. So there's no doubt in my mind that I failed. I know this, if we had had Ken Hall in 1957 we'd have won the national championship. We were 166 points ahead in the poll with two games to go, and we lost those, 7-6 to Rice and 9-7 to Texas. You don't think Hall was worth three points to us?

I don't know whether Hall got anything, because he signed before we got to A&M. He scored 395 points one year in high school—49 in one game. I'll never forget how he quit. We had played Baylor in the bloodiest football game I'd ever seen, and Jack Pardee had been hurt. We started one boy, then we put Hall in there, and he broke out and came close to running for a touchdown. He did some things well, and he had me sold, and that night I told my coaches sitting around the hotel in Waco that nobody was going to beat us now because we had Hall in there.

Monday he didn't show up for practice. That night I got home, and there he was waiting for me. He cried and carried on and said he'd do anything to come back. O.K. Next day he didn't show up again. I went home and he was there, and he asked me again to take him back. I said, "Well, Ken, yesterday would have been all right, but now I gotta do something, give you some kind of discipline. See me in my office tomorrow." The next day he still didn't show up. John Crow wanted me to let him talk to Ken. But I was too hollow-headed to let Crow get him back.

I know one boy there came and told me he didn't like the way I handled things, that out didn't like my approach to the game and, I guarantee you, that opened my eyes. I don't say I would have done different, but I sure didn't feel very good about it. We lost some good boys when we first started at Alabama, too, and if football didn't mean enough to them I was glad I found out, but the prospect of losing a boy now never enters my mind. We hardly get a loser anymore. I know so many in the past, like Ken Hall, if they'd known what I



BEFORE SHOCKING SUSPENSION BRYANT AND JOE MARATH SAVOR A RARE VICTORY

was thinking, what I had in mind—if I'd had the sense to tell them, they'd never have quit. And I know now, too, that some who quit didn't mean to. Like Richard Williamson, who is on my coaching staff right now. He missed practice one day and thought he would quit, but he was back the next day with his daddy. If I'd stuck to that thing about once a quitter always a quitter I'd have lost a good one there.

Well, I've said how proud I've been of some of the boys who stuck with me, and I'm sentimental about them, I guess, because I've been the proudest when a boy had to take the most discipline and then came back and proved himself. I told you about Bob Gain at Kentucky, who was an All-America tackle, how he hated my guts and told some of the guys he was going over to my house one night and whip my butt, which he could have done left-handed, and then how he wrote me that letter from Korea the night before he went into battle telling me it was all worthwhile.

Bob's problem was he had gotten by with too much, and he broke the school rules so much the school decided not to invite him back that fall. When he found out what they were going to do and heard I wouldn't vouch for him he

couldn't believe it, I said, "Bob, I want to tell you some things you ought to know. We can get you back in school, because the dean said we could if I would vouch for you. But I won't. In all my experience you're the worst problem I've ever had. You've been pointing around here for a month because you weren't elected captain. I counted the votes, and it wasn't even close. You're selfish, and I don't even want my players around you. Something might rub off." I told him everything I could think of, and he took it and asked me to give him a chance to get back in. I said, "If I do I'm going to call in the press and your mother and your high school coach"—a real high-class guy and great coach named Carl Hamill, and Bob was scared of him.

"and I'm going to tell them all about it right in front of you. And the first day you break that much you're gone, and I'm going to ask them to put everything in the paper." I said, "Is everything I said being the truth?" He said yes.

So we got everybody together, including his mother, and I went over the whole business again word for word. Then I said, "I don't think he's got it in him, but if he does I'll be as proud as ever proud of him than you, Mrs. Gain. If he doesn't, it's all going in the paper."

*continued*



CHAMPIONS AGAIN, 1960: BAMA TEAM RIDES A HAPPY BRYANT OUT OF ORANGE BOWL

Well, you know how fond I am of Bob Giam. He was already a great player, and he turned out to be the best leader we ever had.

Sieve Mehlinger was another one. I knew he was going to be trouble, because I saw a coach slip him a cigarette when I was trying to recruit him. As a freshman he was a loafer, and he dogged around in practice—he'll tell you so—and in his sophomore year I made up my mind I was going to save him or lose him. I remember this so well, because there were people around I tongue-lashed him, and I pushed him and shook him and did everything I could think of. Did he react? You're darn right he reacted. He was great. He was 6 feet 3, 220 pounds, an end originally, but he played four positions for us, and when he was a senior I stuck him in there at quarterback one night in the rain at Miami and he beat them 29-0. I still correspond with him.

But I guarantee you I never had a gut check over a boy like I had with Joe Namath. Joe was the best athlete I've ever seen. He's blessed with that rare quickness—hands, feet, everything—and he's quick and tough mentally, too. Anybody who ever watched him warm up could tell that football comes easy for Joe. If you know his background, though, you know life hasn't been so easy, and you know, too, why he wears those dark glasses and flashy clothes and sometimes acts a little harsh.

Well, we were coming down to the end of the 1963 season. We had a game with Miami, then Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl, both on national television,

and we had taken some time off. This woman came to a couple of my coaches and told them Joe and some of his friends were over in her store drinking. When I heard it I was sick. Nauseated. I checked with my people who were supposed to know, because I'd been hearing things all year, and they still hadn't heard it. I went to the dorm looking for Joe. I couldn't find him there and went into the dining room to have a cup of coffee. He came in and sat down with me and started talking about game plans. I said, "Joe, let's go back to my room. I want to talk with you."

I told him what I'd heard, and I said, "Joe, you know I'm going to get the truth, and I don't think you'd lie to me." He admitted it. I didn't know it for months, but there were others involved and they let him take the rap alone. Anyway, I told him to go see Coach Bailey, who would give him a place to stay, because I was suspending him from the team. He said, "How many days?" I said for the year, or forever, or until he proved something to me. I said, "I'll help you go somewhere else if you want to, or get in the Canadian league, or if you have enough in you to stay in school and prove to me this was just a bad mistake I'll let you back on the team next spring."

I went back and called the coaches together and told them my decision and asked if they had an opinion. Every darn one of them said let's do something to save him. Except one. Bebes Stallings just sat there and shook his head and said un-unh. He said, "If it'd been me, you'da fired me, wouldn't

you?" I said yeah. He said, "Well, let him go." I thanked the coaches and asked them to wait outside and told Sam to have Joe wait.

I sat in there two hours. Oh my, I cried. I did everything. Finally I called them back in, and called Joe in, and I said, "Joe, everybody in this room except one pleaded for you. But black is black and white's white. I'd give my right arm if I didn't have to do it, but if I didn't I'd run you and run the team, too, eventually." I said, "You're suspended, and I don't give a damn what anybody in here says. You're not going to play. The university could change this decision if they wanted to, or I could. But if they change it or I change it I'll resign."

And I'll never forget, he said, "Aw, no, coach, I don't want you to do that."

I called the squad together and told them. When I finally told his mother, a real wonderful lady, she cried and begged me to take him back, and someone up there in Pennsylvania got 6,000 signatures on a telegram. But taking him back was out of the question. I hadn't done a good job with Joe, I know that, because if I had this would never have happened. But if I let him go another year we wouldn't have made it as a team, and I may be wrong as heck about this, but I believe Joe would tell you that he wouldn't have made it, either.

Could we win without him? No, I didn't believe so at the moment. But after I got to thinking about it, shoot, you can do anything if you want to bad enough. We outlasted Miami 17-12 and beat Mississippi in the Sugar Bowl 32-7, and Sieve Sloan and Jack Hurlbut were just wonderful filling in for Joe.

After his senior year, when he was so great and made all that money signing with the Jets, Joe came to see me before he left and said something that made me about as proud as I've ever been. He said, "I want to look you in the eye"—that's one of my expressions—"I want to look you right in the eye and tell you you were right, and I want to thank you." I wouldn't take a jillion for that.

#### NEXT WEEK: THE 'FIX' TRIAL

For the first time Bryant describes in detail the personal pain and horror of the celebrated case in which he was accused of conspiring with Georgia's Wally Butts to fix a football game.





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# ROUND ONE AT FOREST HILLS

*You are looking at The West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y., where next week the U.S. singles championships will be played. The 13,400-seat stadium in the foreground is nearly empty because the tournament has just started and there are matches competing for attention on 14 other grass courts. For a spectator, this is the best time to watch tennis. One can stroll from court to court and sample a wide variety of styles: the solemn-faced junior champion from southern California taking on the happy-go-lucky world traveler from Brazil, the little red-haired French girl with the odd-looking but effective backhand, the 43-year-old ex-Davis Cupper still savvy enough to handle the Indian who is studying at Notre Dame. Later the top players in the world will meet inside the stadium for the finals, and every seat will be filled, but for the real tennis buff the best part of the tournament will be over.*

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS KNOPF





**EXCITEMENT** occurs early in the tournament when the luck of the draw pits two name players such as Charlie Pasarell (serving) and Fred Stolle. When the match is over, many people will wander back to the clubhouse (top right), order a cool drink and, along with players like Roy Emerson (right, dark blazer), watch two unknowns battle it out in the dusk





# NO TENNIS TRAITORS ALLOWED

The West Side Tennis Club is a triangular-shaped Eden of 12½ acres wedged like a ship's prow into the sea of middle-class conformity that is Forest Hills, in Queens County, New York City.

Surrounding the club are the burgeoning impedimenta of increasingly crowded suburban living. On one side are the small but well-manicured private lawns of Forest Hills Gardens, a high-priced community of houses built during the '20s and '30s. On the other side, beyond the tracks of the Long Island Rail Road, rise new middle-priced apartments, where owners can—but seldom do—sit on their concrete-slab terraces to catch the view of Manhattan's towers only eight miles away in the smog. And nearby, on busy Queens Boulevard, is a neon-lighted delicatessen-and-Chinese-restaurant society, replete with cleaning establishments, air-conditioned movie houses and that modern meeting hall, the laundromat.

In this maelstrom of domesticity, baby production and simulated escape from the horrors of city dwelling, The West Side Tennis Club sits serenely, so dowagerlike that one almost wants to ask, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?"

Here, inside the club's protected walls, members and their guests can still get a genuine grass stain on their pants and play tennis beneath a sign with a quotation from Kipling that reads: IF YOU CAN MEET WITH TRIUMPH AND DEFEAT—AND TREAT THOSE TWO IMPOSTORS JUST THE SAME. Here Thursday is still "lobster night," and members know that Charles will be on hand to see that everything is just so in the dining room. Here no one has to be warned that only white clothes are acceptable on the courts, because everyone knows the only variation possible is the old-fashioned creamy white flannel that turns yellow with the years. Here the cable-stitch sweater is still in fashion, there is only one honorary woman member (Helen Wills Roark) and Jinx Falkenburg's mother is still

considered a celebrity. There is none of your ordinary country-club something-for-everyone syndrome at West Side—no swimming pool, billiard table, golf course or modern club activity. As one oldtimer says, "We are not traitors to this game. There is nothing going on at West Side but tennis." (That excepts an occasional cotillon or deb party given by members and those famous concerts by the Beatles, Barbra, Ella *et al.*, for which the club annually rents its stadium in the interest of good business.)

The West Side Tennis Club is a tennis club, all right; in fact, it is *the* tennis club of America, but it isn't on the west side of anything. Back in the days of its creation (1892) it was located on Central Park West between 88th and 89th Streets in Manhattan. Though it has moved three times in its 74-year history, it has never bothered to change its name. This is typical of the unprepossessing atmosphere on Tennis Place in Forest Hills, where the entrance to the club is marked only by a small, dark sign, discreetly lettered: THE WEST SIDE TENNIS CLUB. PRIVATE CLUB. MEMBERS ONLY.

The 80,000 tennis fans who jam the 13,400-seat stadium each September for the nationals seldom stop to think twice about their host, which owns and leases the stadium for these world-famous amateur championships. The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has been staging the nationals at Forest Hills for so many years (since 1915) that the club and the event are inextricably intertwined. Past efforts to end the contract and take the nationals elsewhere have always ended in a West Side victory.

And so Forest Hills has remained the center of the U.S. tennis world. The visitor there will see an ivy-covered Tudor clubhouse built in 1914 for only \$30,000. Before its red roof he landscaped velvety courts with self-watering underground pipe systems, a tea garden with gay blue-and-yellow umbrellas (the club colors), climbing roses, trimmed hedges and beautiful flower beds. The clubhouse

itself has a few public rooms, a lounge with understated décor and some simple silver trophies, a dining room, cramped offices, the pro shop of Bill Lufner and overcrowded locker rooms.

Sitting comfortably on the clubhouse porch listening to the plop of balls, the ping of rackets and the tinkle of ice, the old big-tennis days are easily recalled—the duels of Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston, historic events involving Molla Mallory and Suzanne Lenglen, the 16-year-old Helen Wills fresh from California, the coming of the French Musketeers and Helen Jacobs and Alice Marble. And someone will always be around to tell you about the club's former pro, George Agutter, who could hold 14 tennis balls in one hand. (Current Pro Lufner has his hands full teaching more than half the membership and is booked one year in advance.)

One of the beauties of the club is that it is just a 16-minute ride from Penn Station in New York City and then a short walk from the Forest Hills station. The IND subway (trains E or F) to Continental Avenue takes about 10 minutes longer. But woe betide the person who looks for a taxi in Forest Hills or brings his own car. Lack of parking space is the bane of the club's existence, for it is more or less trapped inside its expensive triangle, surrounded by homes and apartments and the nearby popular Forest Hills Inn.

But lack of parking space cannot dampen the enthusiasm of the club's members for next week's nationals, the premier event in U.S. tennis. For a year volunteer members have been arranging hospitality, hotels and time schedules for more than 250 amateur players from some 25 countries. Will this be the year the Americans dominate (*next page*) and put the Aussies in the shade? Whatever happens, The West Side Tennis Club will remain a gracious and impartial host, a reminder of a disappearing era of luxurious living.

—LEE SMITH

*Even as tournament play continues, a version of cricket's tea interval takes place on the pleasant veranda*





# SERVICE, BUT FIRST A SMILE

*As a racial symbol Arthur Ashe sometimes has trouble keeping a straight face. On the tennis court, only lack of concentration stands between him and greatness* by FRANK DEFORD

Among the tennis trophies arrayed in the living room of the Ashe home in Richmond, Va., is a decree attesting quite officially, with one pompous "whereas" after another, to the honors and attributes of Arthur Ashe Jr. (see cover) and to the fame that he has brought to his native city. The house, marked for demolition now, is at the edge of Brookfield Park, a Negro playground where Arthur Ashe Sr. is guardian and caretaker. The park includes two major recreational facilities, though one of them, a pool, no longer holds any water. Richmond, in another, but less inspired, moment declared that it was better to empty all its pools than to permit the races to cool off together.

About midway between the wasted pool and the warm words on the living-room wall is the tennis court where the young man who may someday be the best player in the world started to learn the game. Somehow, he also learned to endure the capriciousness of a time that so arbitrarily gives and takes from his race. He is the only Negro player in a white tennis world. He is very easy to spot. But he sometimes has difficulty finding himself, for he must also serve as an image—that of the American Dream, minority division. Further, because of his unique status, he is invariably pestered by fawning Negroes whom he does not know and by patronizing whites keen to display their latent brotherhood now that they have a colored boy right here at the club.

It is a difficult role for a 23-year-old, but Ashe hears it all with ease. "His

head is not big enough," says Dr. Walter Johnson, an old coach and friend. "He tries to be too accommodating and popular with everyone." Nevertheless, were Ashe not possessed of mature balance and a discerning appreciation of the ironies about him, it is not likely that he ever would have become the 100th player in the nation, much less the best or second best. It is often that whites—whether out of condescension or sincerity—say of him: "There would be no race trouble if all Negroes were like Arthur Ashe." But the complete response is: there would be no race trouble if all people were like Arthur Ashe.

Ashe's qualities, such as his stability, have derived from a large reservoir of family strength. His development has been further enhanced by able advisers at every level. Still, the prime influence remains his father, a proud man with a deep sense of honor. Arthur Ashe Sr., 47, is stocky and slightly Oriental-looking, with a philosophy to match. "No one will care a hundred years from now." It helped to sustain him through a deprived childhood and the loss of a wife. That the philosophy is not lost on Arthur Jr. helps explain why he can so easily accept victory or defeat in a mere tennis game with apparent equanimity.

Ashe evidences so little concern when he plays that he is often accused of being lazy, of simply not caring. "I've heard it so often that I'm beginning to believe it myself," he says. His coaches disagree. George MacCall and Pancho Gonzalez, the U.S. Davis Cup Team captain and coach, and J. D. Morgan,

the UCLA athletic director and former tennis coach, all marvel at Ashe's ability to pace himself. Morgan also notes that Ashe shows at least some emotion on the court now. When he first arrived at college he was much too shy and introverted.

But Ashe is always trying to check himself. "No matter how tense I am inside," he says, "I will never blow up on the court. If you want to know, I'm just too conscious of the effect it might have on my image. Wait, next question. And do you worry about your image, Arthur? You're damn right I do."

It is ridiculous that there should be any debate at all on the question of whether Ashe's court conduct is too restrained. After all, Americans have suffered far too long with petulant young tennis tigers. But people just like to worry about Arthur. They are particularly determined to know if he has that great American athletic virtue, the fire that is supposed to separate the men from the boys. That is, the killer instinct. Everybody who honors Arthur says you bet he has the killer instinct. Kid from a minority, had to light his way up, may look loose out there, but such determination.

"Killer instinct? O.K., let's be hypothetical," Ashe says, tilting up the glasses that he wears most of the time off the court. "O.K., it's the Davis Cup Challenge Round, Australia. Uh-huh. Two matches apiece. O.K., and I'm playing Emerson. Do I have a killer instinct? No. Sorry, I just don't have a killer instinct. I play the game. That's me. I give

*continued*

it all I've got—people are wrong about that—but it's not enough I figure they'll just get someone else."

His demeanor on the court was shaped by Dr. Johnson, a Negro general practitioner in Lynchburg, Va. who was Ashe's first coach away from Brookfield. To limit controversy as his players broke color lines, Dr. Johnson invoked rules of tennis nonviolence long before such strategy became a widely employed device. He instructed Arthur and his other young charges to play balls hit an inch or so out by opponents as if they were good shots, and he told them to smile at their mistakes. Ashe still does. It drives teeth-gritting, racket-throwing opponents to distraction. "They think I must be goofy," Arthur says.

Arthur was discovered at Brookfield by Ronald Charity, a part-time playground instructor who is now a partner in CJI Associates, a successful public-relations firm in Richmond. Charity remembers: "It was difficult to tell whether Arthur was dragging the racket or the racket was dragging Arthur, but he was soon so obviously good that I arranged to have him go to Dr. Johnson's for a summer. It was one place a Negro could get teaching and good competition."

In spite of his limited means, Dr. Johnson is a true philanthropist. He has helped young Negro players for two decades now. National Women's Champion Althea Gibson was previously his most famous graduate. A bunch of them could be found this summer, too, playing on the court next to his comfortable frame house in a mixed neighborhood of Lynchburg. There were Negro boys and girls from New York and Durham, N.C., from Dayton, Ohio and from right next door, and a white girl and a Japanese-American girl from California. Dr. J., as they call him, puts them up, feeds them (Arthur, Dr. J. recalls, had a weird craving for rice), teaches them and carries them around to tournaments. They practice and play on his court—all day and even into the evening under the lights. The younger kids from the neighborhood swarm about with Dr. J.'s grandchildren—into the box bushes and the flower garden, over the jungle gym and even onto the court. But in all this pandemonium somebody is always slugging a tennis ball. Somebody is always learning.

It was the same sort of sticky southern summer when Arthur first came up to Lynchburg at the age of 10. "He was

the youngest in the group and so skinny he looked like he had rickets," Dr. Johnson says. Ashe was not as good or as natural as many of the others, but he was quick, he had fast eyes and he always worked hard.

The only time he ever caused any trouble was upon his arrival, when he refused to do anything that clashed with what Ronald Charity had taught him. Dr. Johnson called Arthur's father, who the next morning made the three-hour bus trip up into the Virginia Piedmont, through Prince Edward County and then past Appomattox to Lynchburg, where he patiently explained to his son that it was Charity who had sent him here. He might as well come home if he was not going to do what Dr. Johnson said. Arthur listened to his father. He thought it over and stayed.

"I have never once in all my life talked back to my father," Arthur says. "My younger brother, Johnny—he's in the

Marines ready to go to Vietnam now—he'd question him sometimes, and I'd shudder. I'd feel awful if I ever did anything at all bad that my father found out about. He trusts me completely."

Ashe's mother, Mattie Cunningham Ashe, died when he was 6 following an operation. Ronald Charity remembers the lazy Sunday morning. He was sitting out by the court with a group of kids when Mr. Ashe came out of the house and called Arthur. Charity watched the skinny little boy go to his father and then into the house with him, where he learned the news. "Well, Daddy, as long as we're together," Arthur said, "everything will be all right."

Ashe still maintains that nothing Arthur has done since has made him so proud. "Look at these trophies," he says, his arm sweeping over the living room. "I'd just as soon take them, the ones in the attic and that placard from the city, and throw them all into the junk heap



© 1994 by CAPS. (Clockwise from top left) poses a 10-year-old partner for Dr. Johnson

if he ever did anything to disgrace me." Mr. Ashe is never just melodramatic. He took Arthur the first day he went to the Baker Street school, ambling at his son's pace. It took 10 minutes. "That gave Arthur 10 minutes to get to school and 10 minutes to get back. Not 11," he explains. "And he was never late. I never laid a swatch to him."

Mr. Ashe refused to farm his sons out to relatives but instead brought in a housekeeper until he remarried a few years later. He was determined to have a family life, as he had not had as a boy, and he was keeping a promise to his wife. "It was the last time I spoke to her," he says. "She looked up and said, 'If anything should happen to me, Arthur, the boys are yours. I didn't born the children for your mother, and I didn't born them for mine. I born the children for you, Arthur.'"

It is his mother that Arthur takes after, in manner and appearance. On the mantle there is a picture of Mattie Ashe, an elegant, lovely lady in a long pink dress. The delicate features and the light skin are almost perfectly repeated in her oldest son. "Arthur Jr. has always been just like her," Mr. Ashe says. "Timid, quiet. She wouldn't swap three words with anyone. She wouldn't argue with a soul."

Despite this resemblance, Ashe's determination and ease, as well as his athletic ability, most surely come from his paternal forebears, especially Edward Ashe, the amazing man who was Arthur Sr.'s father. And Arthur Jr. shares something else with his grandfather—an ambiguous racial situation. For in a race-conscious society Edward Ashe had to manage as neither white nor black. He was half American Indian, half Mexican and known as Pink Ashe. "He wore a big, turned-up mustache out to here," Arthur Sr. says.

Pink Ashe was never fazed. He was a master carpenter and bricklayer, and such a craftsman that he could pick his own jobs. He was a ladies' man, possessed of a fine singing voice and an impressive capacity for whiskey. Arthur Sr. had six brothers and sisters, but altogether Pink Ashe fathered 27 children. Mr. Ashe can remember one afternoon when five of the other 20 children showed up out of the blue from Washington, D.C. in a Model T. Pink was so perturbed that he promptly disappeared, and Mr. Ashe heard nothing of Pink until 11 years later, when Mr. Ashe walked into

a revival meeting in Durham, N.C. and found his father singing louder than anyone else.

Arthur Jr. cannot remember the last time he got mad, but his grandfather's temper was legend. "One time he was working up on a house," Mr. Ashe says, "and another man started going him orders. My father started coming down off the building. He was whistling *Nearer My God to Thee*. He could whistle pretty as a mockingbird. He had a piece of lumber in his hand, and he just walked up to that fellow and hit him aside the head—all the time whistling and with the prettiest smile on his face you ever did see. Then he went back to work."

Arthur Sr. has been as diligent as his father was flamboyant. He came to Richmond from Lincoln, N.C. to work for \$2.50 a week. Now, besides his city park job, he has his own landscaping business. He has two trucks for that, a car and a 21-foot motorboat, and he has just built a new house out in Louisa County with virtually nothing but his own two hands.

Arthur Jr. is the distillation of such conflicting strains. "The most impressive thing is that he is so able to take things as they are," says Charlie Pasarell, his best friend, teammate and roommate at UCLA. "He can be absolutely objective. I think of Arthur as a multiracial person."

"My favorite quote is Voltaire's," Ashe says. "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." This is hardly a revelation, for Mr. Ashe reared Arthur with his own favorite homemade homily: "Respect everyone, whether they respect you or not."

"I worry sometimes that I'm too open-minded," Arthur Jr. says. "But then, being open-minded and strongly convicted just can't go hand in hand, can they? And, besides, I have opinions on everything I'm always thinking. I don't care how tired I am, once I get in bed I can't get to sleep for an hour. There's just so much to think about. Really, I mean it. Ask me about anything and I'll have an opinion right on the tip of my tongue."

Unfortunately, too much of this intellectual meandering takes place on court. Most players agree that the best way to beat Ashe is just to hang with him until his concentration starts to wander or until his booming service be-

gins to falter. His serve is much the best among the amateurs. It is almost entirely the result of flowing coordination, since he scatters only 147 pounds over six feet and looks, when serving, like a bow and arrow. But more often than not the serve disappears in tandem with the concentration. "He wins or loses every match," says George Toley, the University of Southern California coach. "Nobody really beats him in that sense."

Ashe does not have a stroke that can be rated poor, although his forehead and second serve are the more vulnerable aspects of his game. At his peak, he cannot be touched. He slaughtered Pancho Gonzalez 6-0 in Jamaica one day last spring. "And listen," Gonzalez emphasizes, "I was really trying. I was playing. I tell you, it was the greatest set of tennis I ever saw played. Yes, including any of the ones I played." But Ashe's inability to concentrate and his prelection for experiment hold him back. "I guess," says UCLA's J. D. Morgan, "that the biggest thing he has going for him is also his biggest fault—his imagination." Arthur himself is quite in agreement.

Q. They say that if your serve is going too well you'll take something off it to make it a more interesting match.

A. Oh sure, that's right.

Q. You'll try all sorts of different things to liven it up?

A. *(giggling)* Uh-huh.

Q. You're up against someone who plays a dinky game with a lot of cuts and chips, so you'll abandon your natural—

A. Yeah, yeah. *(Laughs.)*

Q. your natural power game, and chip—

A. Hey, come on. That's it.

Q. chip with him?

A. Oh, that's me, I'm pegged.

Q. You'll be going along beautifully, and all of a sudden you can't get something off your mind and your whole—

A. Oh, you've got it all. *(Giggles.)* I'll start thinking about anything but the match—girls, a horse race. I don't know. At Sydney this past year, I was playing John Newcombe in the finals. I won the first set. Then all of a sudden I started thinking about this stewardess, Bella, I had met. Oh-h-h-h. She was Miss Trinidad of 1962. I just kept seeing her—this gorgeous face, this beautiful creature—and the next thing I know the match is over and Newcombe's won. And here's how crazy I am, too. I never even took Bella out. I was too scared. I fig-

Continued

ured she was just too beautiful for me.

Ashe searches for such inadequacies in himself. In the same way, he likes to uncover reasons to fret about the spate of good things that have happened to him. He feels guilty that he won a free college education. He is depressed that he travels all over the world and is no longer impressed by it. He graduated from UCLA in June with a B-minus average and a feeling that he should have done better, since it "came so easy." He seems constantly in pursuit of a trauma, as if concerned over his inability to be disturbed like normal people.

Instead, he adapts so well that he even got to liking the Army this summer when he had to serve six weeks at ROTC camp. Typically, he volunteered for KP and other odious tasks so that he could not be accused of slacking. "He's worried about the Cassius Clay thing," Pancho Gonzalez says. Ashe finished second in his platoon in overall achievement and will be inducted into active service for two years in February as a second lieutenant in the adjutant general's corps. The AG is sort of a typewriter infantry—which suggests that the Army probably intends to let him play tennis when possible and otherwise show off for them as a symbol, an image and the American Dream in modern Army green. "I don't know how the Army, the two years, will affect Arthur's tennis career," Gonzalez says, "but I know this. He is at peace in his mind. He won't duck a thing, and he won't let anybody down."

Ashe himself is fully aware of the special responsibilities that weigh upon him. "You never forget that you are a Negro, and you certainly can't in my case," he says. "The other week when I played on Long Island I went the whole time and did not see—*did not see*—a single other Negro. That's except for the waiters and the locker-room attendants. And you can bet I always get good treatment in the locker rooms."

"It's not unusual for me to go a month without a date. Of course, wherever I go there are usually Negroes who look me up. But that can be difficult. I try to be nice, but I'm fickle, I'm choosy no matter what your race happens to be. And however well-meaning these people are I just can't embrace them because we happen to be the only two lumps of coal in the snowbank."

"For me, it's a phony world." He stopped to consider that. "No, that's not

false. That's wrong. It isn't a phony world. It's an abnormal world I live in. I don't belong anywhere. It's like I'm floating down the middle. I'm never quite sure where I am. I guess Charlie is my best friend, but I never felt that we were really as close as we should be. It's simply that he's white and I'm Negro. I joined a Negro fraternity at UCLA. You know, I felt I had to at least make the effort. But I was never really part of it—our interests were so different. It's just this: no matter how you happen to look at it, the two things—tennis and a Negro social life—are mutually exclusive."

In many ways being a Negro serves to accentuate the nomadic, lonely life of the tennis circuit. "I'd like to get married now. I really would," he sheepishly admits. A year ago the idea repelled Ashe, but most of his tennis contemporaries are married and it seems to be getting to him. "It'd be nice to have someone. I mean, the last thing I am is a loner. I'm a real extrovert around people I know. I have to have noise. I carry a radio around all the time."

This spring, "strictly on one of his crazy impulses," according to Passarelli, Ashe got himself engaged. The memory makes him more sheepish. It made all the columns before Ashe and his girl decided against it.

"But I do get lonely," he says, "and it does bother me that I am in this predicament. But I don't dwell on it, because I know it will resolve itself. If I valued peace of mind or security more than tennis I could get off the tightrope now, and I will someday. Then, things being the way they are, I'll fall back onto the Negro side."

Before that (and after the Army) it is probable—though not yet settled in his mind—that he will turn pro. To be a prime asset, however, he must first win one of the big ones—Wimbledon or Forest Hills—or be the decisive factor in a Davis Cup challenge. Ashe's game is now at a level where all of this is quite possible. Last year, after he upset Roy Emerson in the quarter-finals at Forest Hills, he patiently tried to caution the press. "I told them one win, one match is insignificant. What is important is to establish a trend of winning. Well," Ashe says, "I've done that now." He has won eight tournaments since then, one in the Caribbean, three in the U.S. and four in Australia—despite thoughts of Bella and despite the

fact that he went water skiing the whole day before the finals of another tournament ("hooting," he told Captain MacCall). After Forest Hills, Ashe may well pass Dennis Ralston and become the No. 1 U.S. player. He should be ranked no lower than fifth in the world.

The pros are already drooping. Not only does he have the big, exciting game, but as the first Negro pro—apparently Ashe is forever doomed to being identified as the first Negro something-or-other—he has special drawing quality. He is quite cognizant of the potential of this reverse racism. "Arthur has," Charley says, "a very keen, uh, let us say, marketing sense."

Ashe is already on a retainer to promote Coca-Cola and has been hired by Philip Morris Incorporated to work on its Clark Gable and American Safety Razor divisions. "It's against the code for me to push cigarettes here," he reports, "but see me if we ever go past the three-mile limit together, and I'll tell you all about them." He makes \$9,000 a year in "expenses" as a member of the U.S. cup team. The pros will have to go high for him.

"A lot of people say I should do more boasting and bragging about Arthur Jr.," Mr. Ashe says. "But that can get aggravating. I plan to live to 100—and I'll never make it that way." Pink Ashe died in 1949 at a ripe old age. "The good whiskey gave out," Mr. Ashe explains, straight-faced. The Ashes do not just accept life. They play with it, each in his own way, when they permit it to confront them.

There was the time last year in Dallas, two days before the Davis Cup round with Mexico. It was the most important match of Ashe's career at that point, but he had to attend a fancy luncheon in a tall building. He was able, finally, to escape to a far corner and hide there with some friends. Suddenly, however, he spied two determined matrons steering toward him. He knew their look. "Uh-oh," he said, "here come the ones who have been assigned to put me at ease." If a man did not know better, he might have thought he saw the Killer instinct briefly pass through Arthur Ashe's eyes. But he smiled instead. "Why does everyone want to put me at ease?" he asked. "I am at ease. I'm always at ease." The two ladies came and took him away. They did their duty. Arthur put them at ease.

END

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*The shot from glass sand requires an open club face and a backswing that is less (green arrow) rather than abrupt (red).*

FRANCIS GILBERT

## *An open approach for a treacherous sand*

Frequently on the pro tour, including places like Pebble Beach in California and Augusta National in Georgia, we encounter bunkers filled with a type of sand that is unusually white, quite pretty and very difficult to play out of. This sand, which is known as glass sand, is used at many good courses. Unfortunately, it is so soft and fine that, instead of resisting the force of the club head and thus

bouncing it up toward the ball, it tends to pull the club head down, which prevents the explosion effect that you get with a normal bunker shot. As a result, you need a different shot for glass sand. First, open the face of the wedge to allow the club's rounded flange to create more of a bounce effect than it usually would. This will counteract the tendency of the sand to force the club head down

too deep. Take the club back on a fairly low trajectory, resisting the natural impulse to pick it up too sharply, and come into the ball from only a slight outside-in angle instead of the decidedly outside-in swing used in the normal explosion shot. The club head will not take a lot of sand, and so you won't get much backspin on the shot, but the ball will get up and out of the bunker.

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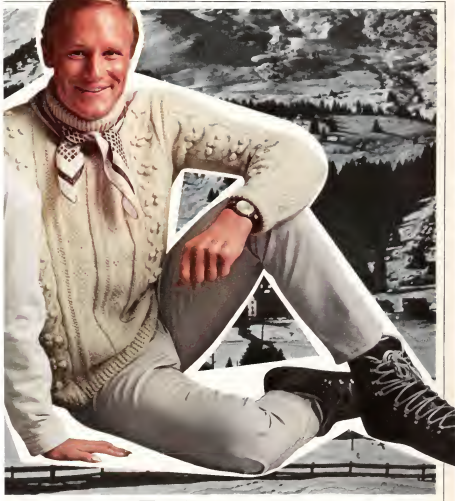


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## The Buck passes a million

As he equaled and broke records in the Travers, Buckpasser's feats were avidly reported, but he also won a far less publicized side bet

The Travers, a sort of midsummer mile-and-a-quarter Derby held amid the beauties of Saratoga, is the oldest stakes in America and has provided some of racing's keenest and most spectacular contests. Thus it seemed fitting that, in last week's 97th Travers, victory should go to Ogden Phipps's Buckpasser, the nation's all-age champion of the moment, who, in winning, contributed another slice of history to the locale where the Thoroughbred is permanently enshrined.

Although his margin over Belmont winner Amberoid was only three-quarters of a length, Buckpasser won easily in the track-record-equaling time of 2:01 1/2. It was his ninth straight win of the year, his 19th career victory in 21 starts, in picking up the purse of \$53,690, he ran his two-year earnings to \$1,038,369. The superbly muscled son of Tom Fool and Busanda—probably the soundest and swiftest racehorse in the country today—stands sixth among alltime money-winner despite the fact that he missed all three Triple Crown races this spring. He is the first to attain millionaire status as a 3-year-old.

This is the kind of colt who is highly appreciated in Saratoga, and the Travers, even without the now retired Derby and Preakness winner, Kauai King, drew the best field of 3-year-olds that could have been assembled anywhere on this continent. Amberoid and Buffle, one-two in the Belmont Stakes, were in the six-horse field. Also on hand, from Chicago, was Abe's Hope, beaten only a nose by Buckpasser in the Flamingo, an unlucky disqualified loser of the Florida Derby and later the only horse ever to beat Kentucky Derby favorite Graustark. The other two colts went to the starting gate for different reasons: Stupendous, from the Phipps barn, to insult a fast pace for Buckpasser, and C. V. Whitney's Fast

Count because, as his owner put it, "Why not? Before the race he won't know who he's running against. After it, he sure will." Stupendous finished last, after doing his job well, and Fast Count was just ahead of him.

If Saratoga has always been known for a plethora of quality horses, it always used to be equally well known for its free-and-easy gambling atmosphere. Last week both the gambling and sporting character of the old Adirondacks watering-hole were still evident. The track was careful not to cancel show betting on the Travers, and suffered a minor show pool of \$38,256.20 for this gesture. In return, the crowd of 28,014 plunked down a total of \$2,028,160 on the nine-race card—the first \$2 million handle in Saratoga's history.

But the real sportsmanship on Travers day was demonstrated by the owners and trainers who were bucking the odds by tackling Buckpasser at what may be his best distance. Under the allowance conditions of the stakes the champion had to carry only 126 pounds, giving just three to Amberoid and six to Buffle and Abe's Hope. He was a tough target for them to shoot at, yet they had their reasons for trying. Del Carroll, for example, said of Abe's Hope: "Saratoga's deeper track may suit him better than Arlington's fast strip. Of course, I'm not sure that he's a mile-and-a-quarter horse. He lost ground in the Kentucky Derby, so we've got to try the distance again even if it's against the best horse there is."

Amberoid's owner, Reginald Webster, thought so little of his chances that he replaced Belmont-winning Jockey Bill Boland with Ben Feliciano because "the boy has been working him regularly for me and he deserves a chance to ride him. But this is a mile-and-a-half horse going against speedballs, and they'll

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### HORSE RACING

probably kill us. The real reason we're in this Travers is that I love racing so much it seems like one good way to repay a sport I love very much," Webster and Trainer Lucien Laurin also had a change of tactics up their sleeves. "I know we need real distance to win against top horses," said Webster. "I don't think we can beat Buckpasser, and in my book he already rates with Man o' War, Count Fleet and Citation. Buffle is the fastest-improving horse in the country, and I'll be tickled to be third. But we've got to change tactics, so instead of coming from way out of it we're going to try and put Amberoid right up there closer to the pace and hope that he may be able to last." The hope was almost realized.

The vast majority of form students felt that Buffle, who had lost the Brooklyn Handicap to Buckpasser by only a head, had the only real chance to beat him this time around. In Buffle's favor, he had withstood Max Hirsch's strenuous training all month at Saratoga while Buckpasser was being shipped around in midwestern heat. Bob Kleberg, Buffle's owner, is the kind of optimistic owner racing needs, and his confidence in Buffle went beyond the call of duty when, at the grand tradition of bygone Saratoga days, he made a \$10,000 even-money side bet: horse against horse. Buffle vs. Buckpasser with Mrs. Phipps and her son Danny. "Buckpasser," said Kleberg, "is the best horse I have ever started a horse of mine against. If we can beat him we must have something pretty special. I'm gambling that Buffle is still improving."

"He was a great sport about it," said Mrs. Phipps later. "We all knew our entry would be odds-on, and yet Bob made the bet at even money." (Half an hour after the Travers, Kleberg got \$100 of his money back when his Seaman finished third ahead of Phipps' fourth-place Poker.)

Just as a while during the running of the Travers it looked as though Webster, Kleberg, Del Carroll and even C.V. Whitney might finally have caught Buckpasser on an off day. Stupendous, as directed, went to the front, and Amberoid, also as ordered, went right after him. Albe's Hope took up third place in this Indiana-fie romp through the clubhouse turn and into the backstretch, with Buffle fourth and Buckpasser and Fast Count bringing up the rear. At one point

on the back side Buckpasser actually was fast, nine lengths off his stablemate's pace.

But Joekey Braulio Baeza, who has an excellent rapport with his mount, rode Buckpasser with his usual cool and, as he noted later, "even when I was last I had every horse ahead of me measured. I knew I could get them when I had to." As they went into the far turn it was time for Stipendous to retire honorably, and Amberoid spurred to a quick two-length lead as he approached the head of the stretch. Abe's Hope was hanging on in second place and Buffle in third as Baeza tapped Buckpasser once on the shoulder to let him know that the business of the day was at hand.

The move that Buckpasser made was powerful and inspiring. For a moment, before the field straightened for home, he was roaring along prepared to circle his field, steering clear of any trouble. But suddenly Baeza, in a calculated gamble, shifted his attack from the outside. He had noticed Buffle drifting out slightly. Quickly he drove Buckpasser between Buffle on the outside and Abe's Hope on the inside, and he flew after Amberoid. Baeza's gamble paid off at the three-sixteenths pole. In the next sixteenth of a mile Buckpasser, like a gracefully leaping tiger sure of the kill ahead of him, caught up with his prey.

But Buckpasser has often caught his victims before and given them a chance to escape by voluntarily pulling himself up. In the Travers there was none of that. Although Amberoid stayed gamely, Baeza and Buckpasser coasted under the wire in front, almost effortlessly. Amberoid had a margin of three and a half lengths over Buffle, who just nosed Abe's Hope out of third money. None of the great horses have ever run a faster mile and a quarter at Saratoga.

Buckpasser will go after the winner's purse of \$182,000 in the New Hampshire Sweepstakes Sept. 3 and then tackle older horses at Aqueduct in the fall. In the Woodward on Oct. 1 he may meet Tom Rolfe in a classic test of divisional champions. "I don't know about the future," said Trainer Eddie Neloy as he looked at Baeza and Buckpasser, "but I have decided two things. First, I'll never play poker with Baeza—he's too cool for me. Second, Buckpasser is competitive and has so much heart that he's already the champion in my book." For the moment, nobody disagrees. **END**



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## Kansas City gets a kid to build a dream on

Arriving in the major leagues by a circuitous route just before the All-Star break, young Jim Nash won his first seven games for the Athletics and has added to the growing interest in a changing and better team

Just eight weeks ago Jim Nash, a handsome 21-year-old right-handed pitcher for the Mobile Athletics of the Class AA Southern League, won his seventh game of the season by beating Asheville 6-1. He showered and shaved quickly and then boarded the team bus for the 13-hour trip from Mobile, Ala., to Charlotte, N.C. If Nash could maneuver his 6 feet 5 inches and 220 pounds into a comfortable position he might be able to get a few minutes of fitful rest along the way, if not he would settle for five hours of deep sleep when the club checked into the Orvin Motor Court 525 miles away. As the bus pulled away from the hotel in Mobile, Nash reached into his pocket and counted his money. He had \$8.

The game against Asheville had been gratifying for Nash. His curve ball had worked, and the change-up had the opposing hitters off stride. He remembered that when Kansas City had signed him three years previous for \$2,000 he had thrown only two curves in his life. But Nash was worried, restless. Come early September he would be marrying his home-town girl from Marietta, Ga., and he wondered what "the big team" was thinking. It seemed possible to him that he might be called up to the majors after the Southern League season was over. But the big club had disillusioned him before.

In 1963, his first season in professional baseball, he was not allowed to pitch a single game even though his team, Daytona Beach, was in last place in the Florida State League. The A's were hiding him from baseball's first-year draft. Each morning he would go out to City Island Park and pitch to a catcher in front of empty stands. At night, when the games were played, he would put on one warmup jacket, spread another over his legs, drench himself with bug repellent and sit in the bullpen swatting

mosquitoes. Manager Bobby Hofman, sensing Nash's frustration, several times called General Manager Hank Peters in Kansas City seeking permission to use him in a game. Each time the "no" got fiercer.

When Nash finally was allowed to pitch regularly in 1964 and 1965 he compiled a two-season record of 28-11, prompting the A's to take him to spring training this February. He worked only one inning in an exhibition and was dispatched to Mobile. At least, he thought, he could have been sent to a Triple-A farm club, his record of 400 strikeouts in 388 innings seemed to warrant it. But instead of sulking Nash went out and pitched as hard as he could for Mobile.

The morning after that long bus trip from Mobile to Charlotte, the big club finally came through. Nash immediately flew to Detroit, where Kansas City was playing the Tigers.

Nash didn't know anything about the city of Detroit, nor was he aware that Metropolitan Airport is 20 miles from the center of the city. So, with the \$8 still in his pocket, he hailed the first cab he saw at the airport. "Sheraton-Cadillac," he told the driver. He could not believe how rapidly the cab's meter clicked. He never imagined a city being so far from an airport. After all, he had flown into Atlanta a couple of times, and there it was only about \$2 to town. When the meter reached \$7.50 he asked the driver to stop, got out and caught a bus to the hotel. The bus cost a quarter, but Nash knew that once there he could get some money from the team. But the team was out at Tiger Stadium and, using the last quarter he had, he took another bus to the ball park. Thus Jim Nash arrived in the major leagues absolutely broke.

He got his first start in the second half of the July 4 doubleheader. There were 31,000 people in the stands—none of whom had ever heard of Jim Nash. He says now he was not nervous. "You can't be," he says. "Sometimes you pitch good and get beat. Other times you just pitch so-so and win." Nash pitched so-so, but the A's got him an early five-run lead, and he won 10-4.

After that first victory Jim Nash became the most sensational rookie starting pitcher to break into the American League since Whitey Ford rattled off nine straight for the Yankees 16 years ago. In his second start he threw a three-hitter, and in his next he gave up only two earned runs in nine innings (though to no decision). He won his next two games and then pitched an eight-inning one-hitter, though again he was not involved in the decision. He beat Washington, and he twice defeated Minnesota, holding the powerful Twins to one lone run over 17 1/3 innings. American League pitchers only dream things like that.



JIM NASH LOOKS TO A BRIGHT FUTURE

His winning streak went to seven before he was finally beaten last week at Yankee Stadium. Before the game most of the Yankees, old and getting-older yous, stood in their dugout to watch him saunter up. Cot Deal, the A's pitching coach, explained Nash's success in almost reverent terms. "He is not any accident," said Deal. "He is one of the best young pitchers I have ever seen. His mammoth size helps with the fast ball, but he wants to be the best pitcher in the major leagues. After each game you see him writing things down in a notebook. He doesn't just write them down, mind you, he goes over and over what he has written."

Nash's loss to the Yankees was helped by the sins committed behind him: a fly ball lost in the sun in center and then a ground ball lost in the—yep—sun at second base. But when Manager Alvin Dark came to take him out in the fourth inning he did one of those things that only a true method-actor manager does. Dark held onto the ball as Nash walked off the mound, but, instead of scratching away at the dirt with his spikes, or talking to his catcher, Alvin pivoted 180° and watched Nash walk all the way to the dugout. A good horse trainer usually does that only when his big star is walking back to the barn.

The quick success of Nash has caused many people to look twice at what the Athletics are currently doing. The A's have added 19 new players to their roster in the last year. At home they have a 32-29 record. They are obviously banking on the future of young pitchers like Nash, and to help them the club has raised and pushed back the fences. A total of 354 homers were hit in Municipal Stadium in the past two seasons, but only 37 have been hit there in 1966. At Dodger Stadium, supposedly the toughest park for a home-run hitter, 57 have been hit this year.

It has not been easy to be a Kansas City fan for the last 11 seasons. There have been no Rookies of the Year, no Most Valuable Players, no batting champions, no 20-game winners, or 19-game winners, or 18-game winners, or 17-game winners. Players like Roger Maris, Hector Lopez, Clete Boyer and Ryne Duren were traded away, while others like Art Corenelli, Walt Craddock, Gerry Schypinski and Joe Astroth stayed. Now things are different. Now there are players like Jim Nash, and hope.

END

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## Frank and his filly move up

**In the last days before The Hambletonian, Frank Ervin and Kerry Way take the spotlight after their two sparkling performances at Springfield**

Veteran horsemen like to wait for the result of the Review Futurity at Springfield, Ill., each year before trying to figure out who will win The Hambletonian. For most of the eligible trotters the Review is the first event of the year offering two important conditions that will be met later at Du Quoin: racing in daylight and racing at least two heats before the winner is determined. Nearly all trotters spend the first half of the season, before the Review, competing in single-dash events at the night pari-mutuel tracks.

Even more importantly, the Review is contested on a mile track, and this year, as is often the case, not a single one of

the top eligibles had gone a competitive mile around two turns. Nearly always, racing on a mile track "moves a horse up," that is, he will trot faster because of the longer straightaways and the absence of two turns. But the mile track helps some horses more than others, a long-striding horse, for example, will usually show more improvement than one with a shorter stride.

For all of these reasons last week's race at Springfield provided significant information about this year's crop of 3-year-olds. Unfortunately the information was not complete, because the owners of Polaris, currently the Hambletonian favorite, decided to skip the race.

In addition Billy Haughton took Bill Carlisle to the county fair races at Casselsville, Pa., instead of to Illinois. Billy had his trotter racing beautifully in the Yonkers Futurity (\$84, Aug. 22) before the colt threw a shoe and went into a race in the stretch. Carlisle has been erratic all year, making breaks apparently without cause, but there is no question that his speed matches the best in the field. He won his race in two straight heats in Pennsylvania last week, and after it Haughton, normally as reticent as most horsemen, said, "I've got a helluva colt here. He's much faster than that other one [Polaris], and if he doesn't break stride he should win The Hambletonian."

At Springfield there were seven Hambletonian eligibles, but the class trotters were Joe O'Brien's Governor Ambro and Frank Ervin's Kerry Way. The morning of the race O'Brien seemed pleased with the progress of his colt while Ervin was grimly determined to "dig into" Kerry Way, to "win a horse race" and get every possible benefit from it. "She needs work, and she is going to get it," he said. Kerry Way had yet to race to her great form that produced a record \$116,549 and the 2-year-old championship of 1965. So far this year the Gainesway Farm filly from Lexington, Ky., had won only one of five starts. Governor Ambro, the second best 2-year-old trotter of 1965, had not made the winner's circle at all.

With Springfield's fast mile track in ideal condition and the weather hot, as it is most likely to be at Du Quoin, Ervin set about his task from the precise moment the starter yelled "go." Kerry Way was off and wailing, and she was never headed in the first heat as she trotted away from her competition to win by four lengths in 2:00<sup>1</sup>. Ervin mastered his disappointment about "that lousy extra tick" of the clock, but he left the track wreathed in smiles. He had also studied his watch, which showed a final half of :58<sup>4</sup>, fast enough to win many Hambletonians. Governor Ambro got up for second, followed by the consistent Sure Mix and Speed.

Kerry Way's second and final trip was even more impressive. She showed on top by eight lengths at the end of a 2:00<sup>1</sup> mile, and this time the final half was in :59, equally respectable because she did it alone. Governor Ambro, who made a break going into the final turn, was a distant sixth.



**SPEEDY KERRY SHOWED HER STAMINA WITH STRAIGHT-HEAT VICTORIES IN THE REVIEW**

continued



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Ervin was obviously delighted with the outcome, as well he might have been. There is no doubt that his mare will be tight come Du Quoin and, even though she was beaten earlier by Polaris, she will probably wind up a slight favorite. O'Brien's attitude was one of "back to the old drawing board" as he began trying to get Governor Armbrø in the beam in the brief time remaining.

Starters in the Review who raced well enough to earn tickets to Du Quoin include Careless Vlado, Sure Mix, Mantle Hanover and Speed. Of the nonstarters the standout, of course, is Polaris, who has been the improving horse recently with five important wins in his last seven starts. His driver, George Sholly, would like nothing better than to capture his first Hambletonian. The same is true of Houghton, who has won more than 2,600 races—more than anyone in the sport—but never the top prize. Billy "lung a ton of weight" recently on Carlisle's front foot to keep the colt from breaking, and it seems to have worked.

So The Hambletonian looks like a much better horse race than it did earlier, and it may even be an excellent one. Polaris and Kerry Way will be the ones to catch, with Carlisle and Governor Armbrø the most likely to do it. Bonus Boy was out and jogging this week, but it would seem that only a miracle could return him to his brilliant form in time. Other possible starters include All American, Egyptian Song, Minisink Hanover and Stanley Dancer's late developer, Our Rainbow. And then there is the story from Europe that the American-bred, Swedish-owned Shatter Way is on his way here. Hambletonian impresarios Don and Bill Hayes have no official word as yet, but this richly-bred youngster (Stars Pride-Lady Gainsway) recently became the latest American-bred 3-year-old ever to race in Europe when he beat aged trotters in 2:04 1/2. His appearance is an interesting prospect.

Racing form is a constantly changing thing, but the momentum going into The Hambletonian would now seem to be with Kerry Way. There are no better trainers or drivers than Ervin, and Frank's is a hot stable that boasts the likes of pacesetters Bret Hanover. Winning can be contagious, and Kerry Way obviously relished her role at Springfield. She is the best bet to beat the boys since Emily's Pride last turned the track eight years ago. **END**



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## THE BRODIE CAPER

was surrounded by his favorite people. His two closest friends on the club, Crow and Dave Parks, sat nearby, and Brodie's pretty blonde wife was beside him. "People say pro football players are entertainers," Brodie said, "but we are very different. Pro athletes have earned what they have through ability. That's not necessarily true with entertainers. Most golfers are spoiled, I'd rather be around pro football players. It's good for them to get to know me, too, so that on the field if I call somebody a lousy so-and-so he'll know I don't mean it personally but am expressing myself in my usual way."

Someone mentioned that although Brodie led the NFL in several categories last year, he would not be recognized by fans in most league cities. "I enjoy not being recognized," he said. "I can walk down the street in New York and nobody knows me. Maybe they know my name, but not my face. With TV exposure growing, the recognition is bound to come, I guess."

Unless, that is, he remembers to keep his helmet on during time-outs, which is never a bad idea when Brodie is playing at Kezar. The boing often sounds like cattle bawling in a stockyard. "The boing doesn't bother me," he said. "The people who really understand the game are so caught up in the techniques of it they don't have time to boo."

Brodie's critics have accused him of being slow to release the ball, of running an erratic offense, of relying on the percentage pass patterns. However accurate that may have been in the past, last season Brodie ran the NFL's best offense, although some critics did not see it that way.

Brodie says, "Those guys who are always rating quarterbacks in the papers, what do they know? I guess you are never known as a great quarterback unless you win a championship. There are a lot of things that happen that the public doesn't know about or understand. I think statistics are fairly indicative of a quarterback or anybody else over a period of years. The top offensive teams Green Bay, us and New York—are the solid, simple offenses. The teams that use a lot of tricks are admitting their weaknesses. I say you're better off relying on ability rather than tricks."

"He's very definite in there," says Crow. "He will lose his temper if you blow an assignment, but usually he's pretty cool."

Cool is what Brodie is—cool in the confident and calculating sense and that helps him as a gambler. "I like action," he said. "I like to play golf or cards for whatever amount it takes to make your opponent try. It doesn't have to be a bunch of money. Y. A. Title, Matt Hazeltine, Gordie Soltau and I have some of the most competitive bridge games in the world, and we're playing for a 15th of a cent a point. It's that competitive feeling that keeps a football player going."

Competitiveness brought Brodie back from a couple of near calamities—San Francisco's "shotgun offense" of 1960 ("I hate to run," Brodie says. "Jim Murray wrote in the *Los Angeles Times* that I run like fourth-class mail, and that's right. Pro teams with good running quarterbacks never win") and a car crash-up in 1963 in which Brodie broke his right arm. He went back to football before his arm was fully healed and promptly broke it again. That could have finished many quarterbacks. But Brodie stayed at it to become one of the NFL's best and certainly its richest.

His return has not soothed all the rancor that the shoveling out of big money has caused in pro football in the past six years. After he got back, several 49er veterans who had not signed threatened to walk out of camp unless their salaries were raised. But that cannot be blamed on Brodie, who saw his opportunity and took it. The fault lies in the conduct of pro football itself and mostly in the NFL's refusal to come to terms with the AFL until at least two years after it was evident that the other league was not going to vanish. Nobody has yet figured out how to cure money sickness. Consider this pitiful dialogue overheard recently between a pro football owner and a veteran.

Veteran: Now that the leagues have merged, I guess all this money is going to go where it rightfully belongs.

Owner: I sure is.

Al Davis, who resigned in disgust after the AFL lost its identity in the merger, now owns a piece of the Oakland franchise. That makes him one of Pete Rozelle's bosses. It is rumored that Davis will be appointed to the AFL executive committee, which would make him a negotiator in details of the merger. This would be the final irony in one of the more astonishing confusions in the history of sport.

END

a few words to the man who takes tomorrow for granted



There are thousands of cases where men have died shortly after protecting their families with life insurance. Unfortunately, there are no statistics on the number of men who died just before.

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# SHARK!



*During a moviemaking project that became an undersea adventure, the author swam daily among huge sharks in the Atlantic off Montauk Point, feeding them, photographing them, fending them off with his hands and feet. And ever in the background lurked the specter of the man-killer, the great white shark*

BY PETER R. GIMBEL



CONTINUED

I knew an old and learned man, a naturalist and experienced deep-sea fisherman, whose views on sharks were dogmatic although he had never been in the water with one. He would state with certainty which species were dangerous and how each would behave in various circumstances.

People of long experience in face-to-face exposure to sharks in the open sea, however, have few positive opinions about their behavior toward man. As for me, I am certain on only one point: most large sharks are armed to do the complete job if they feel like it.

In the summer of 1960 I spent many hours taking still photographs of great blue sharks off Montauk Point, Long Island, from the protection of a rusty old cage that I hung from two floating oil drums at a depth of 10 feet. The drums were tethered to Captain Frank Mundus' charter boat *Creeker II* by a 50-foot line that kept the whole clumsy rig in the chum slick.

The great blues, or blue whalers, as they are also called, usually swim back and forth through the slick, swallowing the small pieces of fish or meat. By expanding the pharynx, they set up a current that made the chum pop into their mouths like wadded cocktail napkins jumping into the intake of a morning-after vacuum cleaner. On a couple of occasions, when we hung a large carcass over the side, they went into a feeding frenzy. Their lazy, gliding pace was replaced by a rapid, jerky swimming action. They would hit the bait at speed, clamping on with jaws opened so wide that they seemed actually dislocated. With wild, vicious shakes, the blues would tear loose a 10-pound hunk of flesh. I was impressed and didn't have to consult my physician to know that that would be too much weight to lose so quickly.

After many hours of watching the great blues and also brown and dusky sharks, I began to disband wholesale most of the commonly heard "theories." For example, contrary to legend, sharks do not have to turn over or roll to en-

ther side to bite. They can bite from any position when they get within range, and that position is usually upright. The roll-over idea probably derives logically from the fact that the snout of a shark overhangs the mouth so prominently, a physical characteristic particularly striking in the great blue. Yet even the blue nearly always hits its prey while swimming on an even keel; at the instant before contact it is apt to arch, so that the thrust of the jaws is slightly upward. When the mouth is opened wide, the lower jaw seems to dislocate forward and downward and the big ring of teeth is right there, front and center.

I developed respect for the great blue in those days and became convinced that it would be possible to make an exciting and strangely beautiful movie about sharks. But for the film to be good, it would have to be done honestly: the sharks must be in their natural state—unharmmed, undrugged and free-swimming, far from land in the open sea.

Many things intervened and I did not begin to work on the shark film until the spring of 1964. The basic requirement for doing such a movie was obvious; I would have to spend a lot of time among feeding sharks without becoming part of the menu. Having photographed from a cage four years before, I never considered doing otherwise. Since Captain Mundus' old steel cage was rusted out, I had a new one fabricated of a corrosion-resistant aluminum alloy. About this time I was lucky enough to meet Bob Young, a talented moviemaker with underwater experience. Young was tied up with several other projects and there was no chance of his being free for a year, but he liked the shark-movie idea and agreed to shoot it with me when I had solved the basic problem of getting us down among the sharks.

At our first meeting Young remarked on the need for a stable platform. It was mentioned casually enough, but it filled me with apprehension and started me thinking about a problem that was not even on the way to solution until the last shark had left Montauk in 1964 to wan-

ter in friendlier seas to the south. A cage suspended underwater is affected by wave action even more than one on the surface; the suspension cables, at one instant slack, come taut the next and pull the cage about violently even in a moderate sea. Still photography is possible under these conditions, since the photographer need only frame the action for an instant, but the movie cameraman has an impossible time when he is being yanked about.

In the summer of '64 I tried many modifications to dampen the violent instability of the cage. None worked. By the end of the season I gave up on surface dependence altogether, and in a last desperate attempt mounted on the cage a crude buoyancy system that ultimately led to a solution. The new device, which cut the cage free of the surface, embodied two free-flooding tanks secured to the top, into which air could be introduced by turning two hand valves. It was possible to dump air from the buoyancy chambers by operating two other valves. The machine had one drawback. It took a man with extraordinary manual dexterity and four hands to operate it.

That winter, with the help of Mitchell Bogdanowicz, an inventor of motion-picture equipment, I improved the buoyancy system, reducing the number of controls to two and incorporating an electrical system that would automatically introduce air into each of the buoyancy chambers. The contraption was ready to be tried out by mid-May and a test was scheduled for Sunday, May 16, at Quarry Lake near White Plains, N.Y. Dr. Carleton Ray, a zoologist and frequent diving partner, and Philip Clarkson, owner of a nursery and an accomplished mechanic, were to meet Mitch Bogdanowicz and me at the lake. Some other friends were coming along, too. It was going to be a regular launching celebration.

At about 4 a.m. on the day of the test, as my wife Ginny and I were towing the cage to Quarry Lake on a trailer, suddenly I saw a ghostly shape tear up



behind the car. Somehow the cage had broken loose. In the next instant the highway behind us exploded in a sheet of sparks as the cage skidded along it, torn and burned apart by the impact and the friction. A motorist a quarter of a mile behind saw the cage barely in time to swerve and miss it. I hauled it off the pavement, and the next driver stopped and helped me load it back on the trailer. I drove 15 miles back to R & Z Precision Industries in Mount Vernon, N.Y., where the cage had been fabricated. By noon Arnie Ziegler of R & Z and I had patched it up with wire, rope, tape—anything. It looked a mess, but it was functional.

The shoreline of Quarry Lake drops off at a 75° angle from a rim about a foot above water level. At 4 p.m., the cage was launched, after having been christened *Blowfish* by my wife, a ceremony that took half a dozen blows, the bottle being rather better than the champagne. As soon as the ceremonies were over, Carleton Ray and I got inside the cage for the first descent. The cage hesitated for a moment at the surface, then majestically began to sink. It kept right on sinking, although Carleton Ray and I frantically wound the operating controls of both tanks to "Full Rise." The electrical system was working beautifully. I could hear the crisp little clicks as the solenoids opened and closed, blowing air into the tanks. Still we sank. Although there was a line tied to the cage, the crew up top, confident as I of the efficacy of the *Blowfish*, never considered dishonoring the maiden descent by hauling in. As the cage picked up velocity it tended to tip more and more each time the lower frame scraped the sloping quarry wall. Finally it tipped into a head-down attitude. In this position the two buoyancy tanks, with openings on their undersides, dumped the little air left in them, and we began to descend in earnest, with the tanks now acting as sinkers. Carleton had the good sense to exit, but I remained inside, working at the controls.

The cage landed on the bottom at 85 feet. It lay on its side on the only door that worked, the top gate having been

wired shut in the binding operation that now held the half-smashed vehicle together. The line connected to the cage, as it turned out, was a little too short and did not even reach the surface. Phil Clarkson, chief of the topside crew, could barely retain the end of it by reaching underwater, let alone get two or three others on it to haul me up. Finally, while Carleton lifted from the outside, I blasted the last of our air into the tanks by a manual control and we began to rise. The cage was hauled up against the shore and secured just as it began to go under again. I heaved myself out of the water. A nonplussed group was standing quite still on the rim of the quarry, eyeing me and obviously waiting to be told that what seemed to have happened really hadn't.

That evening Bogdanowicz and I sat around drinking and talking. I was disconsolate; Bogdanowicz was unfazed. He pointed out two things: the heart of the system, the electrical circuit, worked, and the entire buoyancy system had to work, or else that very afternoon we had disproved Archimedes' Principle (an object displaces a volume of water equal to its weight).

In the next three weeks we modified the cage to make it fail-safe by adding four sealed tanks with enough lift to float the cage even with the controllable chamber totally flooded. Only by taking on board 50 pounds of disposable lead ballast could the cage be made to sink at all. We replaced the original two buoyancy tanks with a single one and further reduced the number of controls to one. A terror-stricken idiot wearing snow mittens could operate the cage now, we hoped.

Three weeks after the Quarry Lake disaster Mike de Camp, a schoolteacher who pokes around in deep-water wrecks for love and occasional profit, helped me try the modified cage in open ocean. We first test-dove it to 50 feet while tethered to Captain Frank Mundus' *Cricketer*. Then, over Mundus' protests, we descended again and, altogether free of the surface, we drifted through the middle

ground with the current. (The middle ground has no formal limits according to depth; it is that area where neither the surface nor the bottom is visible, only a diffused light source above, darkness below and all around a dismal gray.) The cage was stable, it responded quickly to the controls and it was easy to operate. We had our film studio in the sea.

Accompanied either by Mike de Camp or Carleton Ray, I made eight trips among the sharks in the next month. Long shots and medium shots of the sharks feeding in the chum slick were easy to get from the cage, but the extreme closeups that I felt were also necessary for a good film were difficult. The sharks came close enough. Indeed, the great blues sometimes tried to push between the bars to get at our supply of chum and fish. The smaller blues—the six-footers—could enter as far as their pectoral fins and had to be shoved out. Those antics were easy to photograph, but they were just that—antics. What I wanted was unobstructed closeups showing the fascinating details of these animals swimming free: the occasional excited trembling of the lower jaw, with the mouth slightly open, or the eye oscillating around its vertical axis so as to remain fixed on an object as the head swings with the sinuous swimming motion. I wanted to film the sharks passing so close to the lens that their eyes would seem as big as pumpkins on the screen and the ampullae of Lorenzini (porelike openings that cover the snout and are possibly integrated in the shark's sensory system) would look like holes in a Chinese checker board.

Just as important to the movie were shots of men and sharks together, so that the viewer would get a sense of the size of the animals. This might have been achieved from a second cage, but the extreme closeups could not. Only a cameraman swimming free among the sharks could provide these. Until well along in June I never seriously considered this bolder approach.

Having gained a sense of familiarity with the ways of the great blue sharks, I

continued

decided that on the next trip to Montauk, on three successive days in late July, I would swim free among them and concentrate on shooting closeups. Meanwhile I had ample time to change a few details on the cage, study the film that had been shot earlier and develop a recurrent nightmare.

This nightmare, which also popped up occasionally as an inner vision by day, always followed the same pattern. I was swimming among the great blues in the middle ground. Abruptly, they disappeared beyond my perimeter of vision leaving only the gray-blue blankness of the open ocean. I spun round and round, trying to look in all directions at once, sensing that something enormous was just out of sight. A form appeared, huge beyond imagining. It came rapidly toward me and materialized as the great white shark, the man-eater. It bore straight in with overwhelming speed, and as the jaws opened to swallow me I would awaken and begin thinking of what desperate measures to take if the nightmare—or daymare—came true. I could never come up with more than

two: feed the monster the camera, or spit at the last second to present the big double tank block on my back. In either case the rationale was that the shark would find the first course of his meal so hard on the gums that he would go off after more tender prey, spitting out a cascade of two-inch teeth as he departed.

My fear of seeing a great white off Montauk was entirely rational. Over the years Mundus, who usually fishes for sharks, has seen between five and 10 per season. He lands one or two most years. His largest, caught in 1964, measured 17½ feet and weighed 4,500 pounds. Its head is handsomely mounted in a kind of interior cupola in a restaurant called Salivar's Dock at Montauk.

At Salivar's you can get a sturdy breakfast before dawn, and that is usually what we did before heading out on the *Cricketer*. Sometimes—always alone—I would wander back to the bar and stare at that incredible head of the great whale, thrusting—or so it seemed in the dim light—through the wall of the cupola, out of the gray-blue of the middle

ground. There I could contemplate the reality of my nightmare with impunity.

Last summer unusual conditions existed in the Atlantic, and warm water was a good month late in arriving along the northeast coast of the U.S. (One day in late June, De Camp and I recorded a temperature of 39°F at a layer of water only 40 feet below the surface.) The schedule of the sharks was drastically affected. The much smaller female blues, which usually clear out of the Montauk area by early June, were not replaced by the larger males until July.

At the end of July, for my free-swimming venture among the sharks, I was anxious to have another diver inside the cage with De Camp. When not making depth adjustments, De Camp often would be too busy taking still photographs to point out for me sharks swimming in from the rear. Ed Slater, an architect and good deepwater diver, volunteered to serve as traffic director.

The first day out was made for raising sharks: seas moderate and just enough breeze to give the *Cricketer* a good drift and leave a long chum slick behind. We had several 11-foot great blues near the boat in a short time. The cage was launched, and just before I went over the side Captain Mundus said, "If you ever see the blues disappear, get inside that cage. I notice whenever a great white shows up, the blues clear out." A couple of big blues were right along the starboard side of the cockpit. I waited for a gap in the traffic and rolled over the gunwale. As the explosion of bubbles cleared I could see four or five big males moving easily through the slick and gulping down the chunks of whiting that the mate was tossing in with the chum.

No diver likes to stay too long at the surface among sharks. It is the zone where he is most helpless and they are most aggressive, conditioned, no doubt, by the fact that most live game found there is either in distress or an easy mark. De Camp and Slater entered the cage and took it down immediately, with me riding freight on the outside.

De Camp stopped the descent at about 30 feet. We drifted in the chum line that spread through the ocean—a slightly brownish tinge from which



Just below surface, Gisbel begins descent in cage built to operate independently of mother ship.

small particles of ground fish sank slowly into the hazy darkness below. In the cage we had several dead flatfish on strings to be used as teasers and a supply of chum in a perforated container. The sharks took notice right away of our attractive cargo; they left the vicinity of the *Criker* and began circulating around us.

In this situation a sense of what is happening and what is going to happen is more practical than a headful of theories. What pays off is feel. By the time a shark has followed a trailing chum slick for a mile or more and reached its source, he is already in a certain mode of attack: he is feeding and looking for more. These blues were in precisely this state. They were keen but by no means in a feeding frenzy, or near it. When I left the cage to swim among them I felt that things were under control, but I was alert to the possibility of a change on short notice—and always at the option of the sharks. After a while I developed an ability to tell when a shark, seemingly on a desultory course, was going to turn toward me and continue straight in. At first it was agony keeping my eye against the viewfinder of the camera while the shark's head got bigger and bigger, because, with the loss of normal perspective through the optic, I couldn't tell exactly when to take protective measures. I soon realized that as long as the mouth did not change position in the field, the shark was on a collision course with the camera and must hit it before hitting me.

The sharks would often continue to advance until they bumped the lens, generously giving me exactly the kind of closeup footage I was after. If a shark rose slightly, it would pass just barely above my head, resulting in some astonishing shots of the long white bellies undulating past at a distance of one or two feet. But when they lowered their trajectories to come in under the camera, it was important to react. The reaction consisted of returning the bump from the shark's snout with whatever part of my body received the blow. The sharks always approached slowly and the contact was invariably gentle. I had the feeling these constant tactics were a form of

test, that if no resistance were forthcoming the next move on their part would be a bite. I confess I never put my theory to trial by voluntarily failing to react. The experiment, if the hypothesis held true, could become self-liquidating, the investigator being destroyed in collecting the supporting data.

During those three days outside the cage among the blues, every so often a cold tide of dread would flow through me as the specter of the great white arose in my mind. Then I would swim over to the cage door and hang there like a ninny while Mike and Ed stared at me curiously. On my second day outside the cage the action was excellent—there were, by haphazard count, a dozen blues, browns and dusks ranging from eight to 11 feet in length. I became completely absorbed in the photographic job and was constantly lured from one kind of shot to another by the overabundance of subjects. There were such rich pickings that I began using the camera erratically, frustrated by knowing that I was not making the most of the opportunity. As far as my security was concerned, however, I was filled with a sense of well-being. Slater was pointing out the traffic approaching from my blind spots like a bobby at Piccadilly Circus at midday.

After about 15 minutes of it, when I finished a shot and looked around, all in an instant my world had changed: I was quite alone. There was no cage, there were no sharks—only a sphenical void of blue-green haze, at the center of which I hung motionless, gathering fear. Mundus' warning resonated in my head over a high-pitched ringing: "Whenever a great white shows up the blues clear out." The middle ground grew suddenly dark. This must be the White Death, so huge he eclipses the light from the surface. Then shafts of sunlight, held captive for a moment by a cloud, reappeared, filling the sea with light. A sunbeam danced for just a wink on a panel gauge, and the reflection caught my eye. The cage was about 70 feet away and slightly above me. I swam straight to it and, opening the door, stood there on the sill feeling weak and wrung. My friends grinned, and behind their face masks their eyes stared brightly at me.

continued

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As I waited, recovering my poise, a shape appeared in the haze, moving at the limit of visibility. Its swimming action was not that of a great blue. It had no sinuosity. The amplitude of the tail stroke was short but implied great power, as if the spine of the fish were a rod of tempered steel. When it angled in toward the cage it became clearly recognizable as a mako, the cousin of the great white. My apprehension disappeared at the prospect of getting some footage of this swift, snaggletoothed species that enjoys such a celebrated reputation among anglers. As I pushed off from the sill, the mako accelerated violently, went into an arcing turn, banked fully onto its left side to maintain stability and dove steeply into the haze, traveling at a speed that left me wonder-struck. I can still see its wild flight, body bowed into the turn like a leaf of a carriage spring, as if the film I never shot were being projected before my eyes.

On the last day of the July filming period a tiger shark came into the slick. It was a young one—not more than seven feet—still bearing the dark, blotchy coloration typical of immature specimens. The blues did not retreat when the tiger arrived, but neither did they swim close to it, as they often do among themselves. We have often seen the great blues keeping such close company that they run into each other. Twice we saw a pair actually bump nose to nose, producing a comic reaction of mutual alarm and panicky retreat.

The tiger shark cruised around the cage for about half an hour, and at first I cautiously stayed inside to give myself the chance to make an evaluation free of the disorienting effect of being under tension. The shark made several close passes without appreciably changing his course or pace. There were no signs of excitement or aggression, although the tiger has a bad record—a long list of documented attacks on man. After a few minutes I left the cage, to the relief of Slater and De Camp, who were jammed up against the bars with three of us inside, and swam out to film the new shark. During the remainder of the summer I never again entered the cage

I had taken such pains to perfect. But it was always nearby, a refuge and a comfort.

After our brief sortie in July our techniques seemed refined enough to justify an intensive, 10-day shooting schedule in late August. Photographer Bob Young joined us so that, with two cameramen, we would be able to get the shots that were at the top of my list: sharks and men in confrontation.

On our first day out, there was not enough wind to push the boat along and leave a long trail of chum behind. Consequently, we did not raise many sharks, and that was perhaps just as well, since it gave Bob Young a chance to get used to the cage. On some of the rough-and-tumble days that followed, Young actually preferred the cage to the deck of the *Crawler*. Although he served in the Navy in World War II, Young's stomach has never become used to the rolling life.

At the start of each diving day Captain Mundus always performed a little ritual. While we were suiting up for the dive, Mundus would fetch a lever-action Winchester from below, check its action and set it on the deck just outside the cockpit coaming. With this weapon he would lay down a covering fire when anyone was near the surface of the water outside the cage. On an active day he would fire more than a dozen rounds while Young and De Camp were going to and from the cage or while I was waiting outside it for the descent to start. If a shark approached a diver—and many did—Frank would turn it with a bullet a few inches in front of its snout.

Whenever we returned to the surface we found the same sight: Mundus standing at the very tip of the harpooning pulpit, his face in deep shadow beneath the brim of a faded safari hat, his legs and hips in constant easy motion to balance him through the looping arcs of his insane perch, his Winchester held high across his chest. He would lay down his covering fire for us until Phil Clarkson had steered the boat alongside the cage. Then he would work his way aft, always leaving himself an unobstructed shot into the water anywhere around us. Whenever the rifle cracked we would be certain of seeing, near where the bullet

struck, a shark's snout turning away. The bubbles marking the impact were always close to the shark's head and always between it and the nearest diver, never on the outside, where it might turn the shark toward the diver. Once, when a bog animal—as Mundus often referred to them—was moving in on my head faster than usual, I extended my arm suddenly to deflect the snout and a round tore into the water so near my hand that I was sure it had passed between my fingers. Alarmed and with the sudden thought that the action might be getting too hot for Mundus to handle, I glanced up at him standing in the cockpit. His dark, sun-narrowed eyes were darting over the surface with the swift precision of a robin pecking at a nest of grubs. The stock of his Winchester seemed barely to reach his shoulder before the shot exploded from the muzzle. He sometimes held a shot, bracing the swing of the stock in mid-arc, but even these movements were full of sureness, totally free of hesitation or doubt.

Mundus' bullets plunking close by never really bothered me. He is a brilliant snap shot and a natural pointer—the sights have been removed from most of his rifles. To me the fear of being bitten by a shark always outweighed that of being perforated by Mundus.

As a safety measure below the surface, where Mundus' sharp eye could do us no good, we carried two "powerheads," one inside the cage and one held to my wrist with a loop. These are 18-inch pipes with shotgun chambers mounted at one end, which are discharged by driving the forward end of the chamber against anything, such as the head of a great blue shark. With such protective devices to back us up and a good deal of experience among the sharks, by August our operation had reached peak efficiency. Things that had required painstaking effort early in the summer seemed routine and easy now. With our greater proficiency the intense concentration of the experimental days vanished. Life in the cage and outside it became more relaxed. The result at first was an occasional trivial act of carelessness. Later on, in our laxity, we occasionally did things

that verged on stupidity. Once, while we were aboard the *Criker* changing air tanks and reloading cameras, we left the side door of the cage open. When we were ready to return to the water we found that an eight-foot blue shark, lured by the container cooing chum, had taken over the cage. What with a couple of people jabbing at him with poles, the shark got excited and, unable to find the door, rushed the bars. After some wild thrashing, it squeezed its way out, leaving the two bars between which it passed slightly bowed and brightly polished by its sandpaperlike hide.

On our third day out we entered the water in a rush to photograph a school of bonito. In our excitement at the dazzling sight of the school circulating in the sun-drenched water, we let the boat drift almost out of sight, with the cage still tethered to it. Later that same afternoon, after we had churned up more sharks than we had ever seen before, Young joined me outside the cage. When we had been at it a few minutes De Camp set the buoyancy control of the cage for neutrality and, with the cage nicely balanced in the middle ground, he came out, too. All three of us were very busy among the sharks, photographing them, trying to keep track of them and of each other and reacting with a decisive bump or shove to any shark that nosed us. We had a regular submarine circus act of men and sharks going and were getting extraordinary footage in the process. But the longer it continued the more I realized that, in fact, we were a bunch of seagoing jackasses. There were too many things to keep track of: two other divers, the sharks and the cage. Furthermore, although the cage was behaving well, hanging motionless not 30 feet away, she was unmanned. If the control box had a slow leak, the water entering it would eventually short out the electrical circuit. If that were to happen and a large wave passing overhead were to compress the air bubble in the free-flooding chamber, the cage would begin to sink. We would then have to chase it 225 feet down and grope for it in the dim light, with the sharks to keep us company. There is no doubt that we were guided that afternoon by

continued



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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Now that I'm the Reds' new manager, And if this is to be my fate, Please, Lord, just give me the runs left on, And I'll give you the ones that cross the plate.

This bit of poetry is scrawled on a sign on Manager Dave Bristol's desk in the CINCINNATI (1-6) clubhouse. Bristol would like to have had his wish come true last week, for his Reds left 10 men on base in one game, 11 in another and lost both of them 4-3. Willie Mays of SAN FRANCISCO (4-1) also came up with a touch of eloquence. Good Willie after his 533rd homer, which pushed him past Jimmy Fox and made him the second greatest home run hitter of all time: "That one had a different sound from all the others. It kind of sang itself out of the park." By week's end Willie had hit six in his last nine games. Gaylord Perry pitched his third straight game without allowing an extra-base hit and became the first 20-game winner in the majors. Both ATLANTA (4-2) and PHILADELPHIA (4-3) got help where it was needed most—from the bullpen. Relievers Ted Aborn, Clay Carroll and Phil Niekro bolstered the Braves, while Ray Culp and newcomer John Morris picked up wins, the first by Phillie relievers in more than two weeks. Leo Durocher finally came up with a move that helped CHICAGO (2-4). At least that's the way Leo felt after he smuggled the 9-year-old son of a wealthy Chicagoan onto the bench for luck and the Cubs won 4-3. When it came to luck, however, ST. LOUIS (2-4) players knew they were out of it. A black cat crossed in front of their bus on the way to Candlestick Park and, sure enough, the Cardinals lost to the Giants 3-1. It should have taken the Astros 30 minutes to fly to

HOUSTON (4-3) from Dallas, where they had landed on route from San Francisco. Instead, it took more than four hours as, one after another, their flights were grounded because of throttle trouble, the absence of a pilot and, finally, overloading. Don Drysdale won his first game in nearly two weeks for LOS ANGELES (4-3). Bob Friend and Ralph Terry each pitched three innings of shutout ball in relief as NEW YORK (4-3) beat the Pirates twice. PITTSBURGH (3-3) blew a 7-1 lead one day, lost again the next when Third Baseman José Pagán made a record-tying three errors in one inning and four overall, and again the next when Bill Mazeroski made his first error in 51 games and Gene Alley his first in 18. All this befell the Black Maxes after a home-town paper ran a headline reading: PIRATES START LAST 'TASY' WEEK; METS, CUBS OFFER SOFT COMPETITION.

Standings: Pitt 73-56, SF 73-51, LA 69-52, Phil 67-57, StL 63-46, Cin 50-42, Atl 50-42, Hou 45-41, NY 35-45, Chi 41-40.

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

Jim Kaat of the Twins, Mickey Lolich of the Tigers and Bob Locker of the White Sox won two games last week. So did Al Salerno, who is an umpire. Working at first base one day, Salerno overruled the home-plate umpire, pointing out that Andy Kosco of MINNESOTA (5-1) had not struck out, because his foul tip on a potential third strike had hit the dirt before going into the glove of CALIFORNIA (1-6) catcher Bob Rodgers. Thus relieved, Kosco singled to drive in the winning run. A few days later in new YORK (3-4) Salerno and his fellow umpires, whose luggage had been temporarily lost en route, had to borrow working gear from their Yankee Stadium hosts. There they were, nutty and happy in gray umpers' slacks, peppermint-striped shirts and Yan-

kee caps when, cripes, there was Al Salerno again. This time he decided that KANSAS CITY (2-6) Pitcher Lew Krause would have scored from first on a hit that became a ground-rule double when a fan touched it. Krause's run was the only score in the Athletics' 1-0 victory, a fact that angered Yankee Manager Ralph Houk so much that he was tossed out of the game. Birdie Tebbets resigned as CLEVELAND (4-3) manager but before he left, Leon Wagner provided him with one last hurrah by hitting his second game-winning homer in three days. Bill Skowron of CHICAGO (5-3) sought advice from Smokey Burgess on the art of pinch hitting, came away crammed with tips on positive thinking and promptly hit a two-run pinch homer. Not to be outdone, Burgess later hit a very positive two-run double, the 130th pinch hit of his career. A three-run homer by Frank Howard and a two-run homer by Ken Harrelson gave WASHINGTON (3-3) a pair of cork-from-behind wins. Boog Powell of BALTIMORE (4-2) became the first American League to hit three homers in one game this season and had his five for the week before being sidelined with a bruised hand. MONTREAL (1-5) followed one of its best weeks of the season with one of its worst. DETROIT (3-1) pitchers gave up 10 homers, making it a not-so-grand total of 149 for the year, or 12 more than all of last season. But the Tigers themselves hit nine homers, five in a 9-4 win over the Orioles. Denny McLain, loser in seven of eight decisions since the All-Star Game, knew his control had been bad. He didn't know quite how bad, though, until he tried to throw his glove into the dugout and watched it sail into the stands.

Standings: Balt 80-43, Det 67-55, Chi 66-55, Min 64-59, Atl 45-40, Cin 41-42, NY 36-49, Wash 36-73, KC 34-51, Bos 34-54.

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

How careless can a guy get? St. Louis' 22-year-old rookie left-hander, Larry Jaster, tipped off all his pitches when he faced Los Angeles last week, yet emerged with a 4-0 victory, his fourth straight shutout over the Dodgers. In trying to explain his success against the world champions, Jaster says, "With the Dodgers not having a home run hitter, I'm not so careful with them. It's when I get careful that I have trouble." Pitching carefully against the rest of the teams in the league, Jaster has a 4-3 record, a 5.46 ERA and has given up 11 homers in 61½ innings. All he has given the Dodgers in 26 innings has been 20 innings. Jaster's shutout spell actually dates back to last September,

called up from Tulsa in the Texas League, where he had an 11-13 record. Jaster faced the Dodgers in his major league debut, pitched one inning and, naturally, did not permit a run. He finished the season with three complete-game wins, beating the Houston Astros twice and the San Francisco Giants once. The modern record for consecutive shutouts by one pitcher against one team in a single season is five, set by Grover Cleveland Alexander of the Philadelphia Phillies against the Reds in 1916. Jaster will very likely be given an opportunity to equal that feat when the Dodgers go to St. Louis during the final week of the season. When that time comes, all that the Dodgers can hope for is that Jaster will be a little more careful about how he pitches to them.



GARDNER/LARRY JASTER

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## BEAR

Sirs,

The first article of your series by Alabama Football Coach Bear Bryant, *I'll Tell You About Football* (Aug. 15 et seq.), is simply great. This is no ordinary sports story. It is one of the most candid and gripping pieces of Americana that I have ever read. If forthcoming pieces are comparable they should be published in book form for the benefit of future generations.

T. STUART RIDGELY

Washington

Sirs,

Congratulations! I came to know the Bear quite well when he was coaching at Texas A&M. He reminds me of the drill instructors at the Marine Corps boot camp at Parris Island during World War I, who had only a short time to prepare a bunch of green rookies for combat. They appeared to be mean, tough, nasty and ruthless. However, like Bear Bryant, they were just old sofies at heart.

LUTWIS J. GREGORY

Houston

Sirs,

One look at the fine men who once played under Bryant will dispel all criticism of his methods of "motivation."

LARRY CUBBS

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sirs,

One of my fondest memories is of leaving the stands and running across the gridiron at Texas U.'s Memorial Stadium on Thanksgiving Day 1956. The Texas Aggies had just beaten the Longhorns 34-21 to clinch the Southwest Conference championship (the only Aggie team ever to win at Memorial Stadium, before or since). As I passed the victorious Bear Bryant, who was walking alone across the field, my delirious cry of "Good game, Coach," was answered with a gracious, satisfied smile.

I want to thank SI and John Underwood for presenting the story of the world's greatest coach, Paul Bryant.

CHARLES W. JENKINS

Bossier City, La.

Sirs,

The Bear says, "I'll tell you about football." I'd like to know when he's going to start. So far he has written an autobiography and taught amateur psychology. I expected to read about football, not about his great way with the ladies or his inferiority complex.

REDD BRIDGEMAN

Covina, Calif.

Sirs,

Bear says he called Slug Jordan at Auburn at 7 one morning and Slug wasn't in the office. Could it be Slug was at the training table having breakfast with his boys or, perhaps, out on the field? Certainly, he could have been busy with football coaching instead of talking on the phone.

Believe me, Auburn does take its football seriously and its fine coach, too.

MRS. G. O. NORDGREN, JR.

Huntsville, Ala.

## STAR GAZERS

Sirs,

After reading Dan Jenkins' article, *A Poor Show by the New Risk* (Aug. 15), I feel compelled to take exception to his comment that the annual College All-Star Game is not really necessary. Although some of the more wealthy All-Stars may feel more comfortable sitting on their fat wallets than they do wearing these jerseys with the stars on the shoulders, the College All-Star Game still kicks off the season in the minds of the nation's football lovers.

Over and above this, however, Jenkins seems to have forgotten the fact that the All-Star Game profits are turned over to The Chicago Tribune Charities organization. If for no other reason than that, the (usually) competitive and spirited summer classic started by the late Arch Ward 32 years ago is still worthwhile.

L. BRIAN BELLER

Dallas

Sirs,

May the All-Star Game live on forever for the benefit of The Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc. and all the fans who like to see the NFL champs and the best seniors in the world play ball.

As for the quality of this year's play and the outcome, it could just as easily have been the Chicago Bears in place of the college stars.

BOB FOSTER

Chicago

Sirs,

If Dan Jenkins wants to eliminate some football, why not do away with a few of those bowl games?

ED LACCHINI

Berkeley, Ill.

Sirs,

The All-Star Game has outlived its time. This year's 38-0 score in favor of the men was definitely not an attraction for any football fan.

DAVID J. BISSETTE

Gardner, Mass.

## THE GAME

Sirs,

In reference to your *SCORECARD* item, "Merger Schmerger" (Aug. 15), we, too, hope the game between the National Football League and the American Football League survives, and we are doing everything possible to see that it is played as planned in January.

However, as we stated several times since the announcement on June 8, this is a total package of which the game is a part. All elements of the agreement between the two leagues are necessary, we believe, to the successful conduct of professional football in the future. This is why we feel the legislation is vital to all aspects, including the game.

PATRICK ROZELLE

Commissioner, The National Football League

New York City

## UNDERDOG LEAGUE

Sirs,

Thank you for William Leggett's stimulating article suggesting interleague play in major league baseball (*The Long, Long Season*, Aug. 15). To extend the idea, I suggest that two new leagues be formed each year. One would consist of the top-division teams of each league from the previous year. The other would be composed of the bottom-division teams. This annual rotation of half of each major league would enable the fans to see five new teams and their players each year. The second-division league would offer a better chance for long-hungry teams to win a pennant, which would, in turn, boost attendance and team morale. And the World Series would be a natural, pitting the "underdog-league" winner against the first-division league champ.

JAMES F. GARVIN

Fort Worth

Sirs,

Regular season interleague play would reduce baseball to a series of exhibition games.

JIM FITZPATRICK

Louisville

Sirs,

My solution to the problem of the too-long major league baseball season is simply to reduce the schedule to 153 games, thus nearly restoring it to its traditional 154-game length.

The 162-game season, like the second All-Star Game, the split doubleheader, the obnoxious exploding scoreboard and other new money-making gimmicks, is merely a change, not an improvement.

PAUL S. FEIN

Longmeadow, Mass.

continued

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#### 16TH HOLE *column*

##### STRONG SUPPORT

Sirs:

Your recent editorials (SCORECARD, June 27 et seq.) defending the Sierra Club in its efforts to prevent the building of dams in the Grand Canyon were enough to cause me to write strong letters to those Senators and Representatives. Two of the three have promised to oppose the Bureau of Reclamation project. And the way things are going, we'll need those votes.

You could do the John Muir organization a lot more good if you would publish its address and the cost of membership. I don't particularly care whether the Internal Revenue Service says the fee is deductible or not. If the cost is not too high I would be tempted to join the Sierra Club on this issue alone—and there must be others like me. But I don't know where to find it.

Yours is a powerful voice in support of conservation and protection of our natural resources. Don't let up.

WALTER F. SCHAR JR.

Madison, Wis.

• Membership applications should be sent to David Brower, Executive Director, The Sierra Club, Room 1050, Malls Tower Bldg., San Francisco. Entrance fee and dues for the first year are \$14, dues \$9 thereafter.—ED.

##### HAN VS. MACHINE

Sirs:

The reasoning of F. Pierce Sherry (1971 Hotter, Aug. 8) regarding the frailties of hand timing as opposed to electronic timing with reference to Jim Ryan's mile record appears quite logical on the surface. In fact, however, he is 100% wrong.

He referred to an electronic timer used to eliminate a car at Indianapolis by a hundredth of a second. Those cars travel at speeds of 150 mph. The fastest man has ever traveled is 26.2 mph, when Bob Hayes was timed at 7.8 during a flying 100 yards in a relay. Obviously the problem is not quite the same.

Further, when Hayes won the Olympic 100-meter title at Tokyo he was timed electronically in 10.0 (actually 9.97) to equal the world record. The three hand timers showed 9.8, 9.9 and 9.9. The electronic time was official. Hand timing always produces a faster time than electronic timing. Hence, electronic timing would have shown Ryan (who was moving at 15.6 mph) to be slower, not faster.

Had Mr. Sherry looked closely at the photograph he would have observed that the timers in Berkeley, like all competent timekeepers, actuated their watches with their first fingers, and not with their "meaty thumbs."

DICK BARK

Beverly Hills, Calif.

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